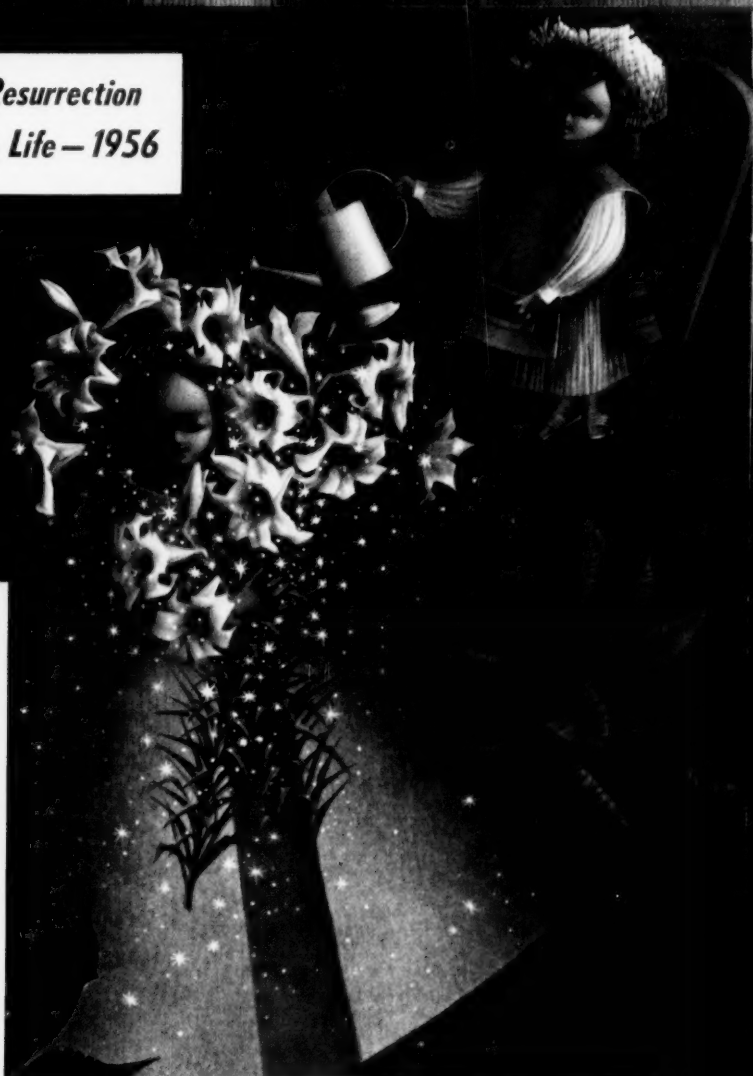


Catholic Digest

APRIL 1956

35¢

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and the Life—1956*



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Cover painting: *Our Lady of the Lilies*, by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right, all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling, virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philipians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

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Catholic Action for Barbara

It involves experience in dealing with people, help for her school, and the promotion of good reading

THE ALARM CLOCK in Don's room went off at 4.30 A.M. Don shut it off, got up, and walked to the window.

"More snow," he sighed. No one would have a sidewalk shoveled this early; he'd have to break his own path again. Quietly he put on his clothes, boots, and jacket, and slipped out into the cold world.

By 6:30 A.M. he was back in bed again, snatching a few quick winks before breakfast and school. Trudging through ankle-deep snow on the deserted streets of St. Paul, Minn., he had delivered 81 newspapers that morning. After school he would deliver 116 more. On Sunday he would carry 125 one-pound monsters. Not all in one load, of course; The boy weighs only 125 pounds himself.

Don is my paper boy. He's 15 years old, and he's been delivering papers for four years now. He spends 13 hours a week delivering, two hours a week collecting money. If he makes a mistake with that money, he makes up the deficit himself.

What do Don's parents think of

all this? "It's rough some mornings," Don, Sr., says, "but we know it's good for him. Carrying papers teaches him self-reliance, gives him a head for business. He's learned how to talk to people and how to handle money. And he's bonded. Paying for that bond taught him



how to save money; he's got his own bank account now."

Not many people would disagree. America's paper boys get up early in the morning, work long hours, carry heavy loads, and bear heavy responsibilities. But work is good for a youngster, people say. Newsboys are in the great American tradition. We like to think that our millionaires were newsboys

(Continued on page 4)

Advertisement

Treasured cordial formula discovered in Middle Ages

History of Claristine



The former Convent
of the Clarisses Nuns
in Dinant, Belgium

SAINTE CLARE of Assisi gave her name to a religious order now found in every part of the Christian world, the Poor Clare Nuns. She also gave her name to a liqueur par excellence, Claristine.

It was at the convent of the Poor Clare Nuns in Dinant, Belgium, that this centuries-old cordial was born. And but for the effects of World War I on Leroux & Co. (long renowned in Europe for distinctive liqueurs) the world might never have enjoyed it.

In 1914 the German Army totally destroyed the Leroux factories in Belgium. But following the war Leroux acquired the Poor Clares convent in Dinant together with all its ancient formulae, among which was the recipe for a cordial. No one

outside that convent had ever tasted it. And no one inside the convent could say just when it had been discovered. All that the nuns knew was that the formula had always been

one of their most cherished treasures, that it had been handed down unaltered through hundreds of years. The nuns had never bothered to name this cordial. Leroux labeled it Claristine, and it is this very same liqueur that is produced here in America today.

Claristine is, of course, primarily an after-dinner liqueur. It is equally delicious straight or in the popular Claristine and Brandy Float. Recipes for the B & C Float and many other liqueur drinks are contained in a free recipe booklet* available to you.



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once, that they became millionaires because they learned the value of work early, trudging a route, day in, day out.

Newspapers are one thing, but for some strange reason, magazines are another. Let Johnny come home from school with, "Sister says we're going to sell Catholic magazines so we can buy books for the library,"



and you may have an explosion.

"I don't like my boy meeting strange people," some mothers say. "Who would handle the money?" father asks suspiciously. What it boils down to is this: work is good for a youngster when he's selling newspapers; but some people have the foolish notion that selling magazine subscriptions is not just as good for him.

Of course, not all parents feel this way. Take the Joseph Beforts of West St. Paul, Minn. They're proud of their daughter Barbara.

Barbara is a student at Our Lady of Peace High school in St. Paul. She's 17. Last fall, the girls at Our

Lady of Peace took part in a six-day drive. Object: to raise money to furnish the school library and to buy a loud-speaker system. Means: to take subscriptions for magazines approved by the National Catholic Decency in Reading program.

Barbara's parents didn't see anything wrong with the drive. Barbara didn't have to get up at 4:30 every morning. She didn't have to call on strange people. She didn't even have to work a 15-hour week. Yet Barbara did very well. Spending 30 minutes a night on the campaign—three hours in all—she took orders for \$156 worth of subscriptions. More than half the subscriptions were for Catholic magazines. For being top girl in her home room, in her class, and in the school, Barbara won a watch, a movie camera, a string of pearls, and a rhinestone bracelet.

How did she do it? "I planned everything ahead of time," Barbara says. "I had my parents make a list of all our friends. Then I had our friends make a list of all their friends in the neighborhood. Then I just called on everybody on the list.

"I planned everything I was going to say," Barbara continued. "First I told my friends how we were trying to raise money for Our Lady of Peace library.

"Then I showed them my list: 60 Catholic magazines, and 57 selected general-interest magazines. I talked Catholic magazines first, how every

(Continued on page 6)

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family should read at least one. I sold a great many CATHOLIC DIGESTS. Most people agree that they should read a Catholic magazine; they just never have taken the trouble to subscribe.

"I found out what hobbies each family had, and I showed them specialized magazines on my list that might interest them. A lot of the boys around here fool around with cars, so I mentioned *Hot Rod* and *Motor Trend*. Then there was *Field and Stream*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Parents' Magazine*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. Those are all easy to sell when you know the people you're calling on.

"Our Lady of Peace got credit for renewals, too. I found out what magazines my friends were taking already. If they liked them, I asked them to renew their subscriptions through me."

You can see why the Beforts are proud of their daughter. Barbara showed resourcefulness and thoroughness in planning her private campaign. Those qualities will help her in later life, and the Beforts are glad that she was able to prove

to herself their value while she was young.

Above all, the Beforts were proud that Barbara was engaging in Catholic Action. The National Catholic Decency in Reading program is primarily for reading, but the school does make money. This school received \$3,451.63. The Decency in Reading program is THE CATHOLIC DIGEST program to place wholesome reading, and especially Catholic reading, in homes all over the world.

When Catholic students are asked to take magazine subscriptions, they are not being exploited. They do not meet strangers. They meet only neighbors and relatives; and most of them spend about an hour a year on the project. Compared with the newsboys' 676 hours a year, that's a breeze. They are being asked to help spread Catholic literature, to take part in Catholic Action, to help their school.

We are proud of our nation's newsboys, who are learning to work for themselves. We are also proud of America's "Barbaras" and "Johns" who are learning to work for others, and gaining invaluable experience for themselves.

Hooper Rating Down

A WOMAN IN a small Ohio town was gossiping with her friend on the party-line telephone. The usual clicks were heard as other listeners picked up their phones.

Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, there came the unmistakable sound of a receiver being banged down on its hook.

"Well, I like that!" said the first caller with pretended indignation, "somebody hung up on us!"

American Medical Journal.

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The Resurrection and the Life—1956

The main purpose of the new Holy Week ceremonies is deeper participation by the people

EASTER AND HOLY WEEK this year, thanks to Pope Pius XII, partake more than ever of the soul-stirring realities in which Christ on Easter triumphed over sin and death. A Holy Week ushered in by the people in procession acclaiming Christ the King; a Holy Thursday featured the world over by the new evening Mass of the Lord's Supper; a Good Friday on which the congregation will receive Holy Communion, something on that day long reserved to the celebrant; an Easter eve everywhere climaxed by the vigil service in the sacred hours in which the Saviour called us out of darkness—all these will be first-time experiences for most parishes in 1956.

When the provisional celebration of the evening vigil was first allowed, in 1951, the papal move was

hailed, by a South American author, as "the liturgical event of the century." The restoration of the entire Holy Week liturgy is styled by the *Osservatore Romano* as the most important step in the history of worship since the Council of Trent, four centuries ago.

The historic changes are being made, the papal Instruction insists, so that "the services can be attended more easily, more devoutly, and more fruitfully by the faithful." The ultimate end of it all is that the faithful "derive richer fruits from a living participation in the sacred ceremonies."

The new rite of Holy Saturday, for instance, makes the people take part by seeing, by marching, by holding their candles to be lit from the paschal candle, by responding to the answers, and by group recita-



tion of the grand baptismal pledges.

Outside, or on the porch, near the entrance at the back, or even at the front of the church, so that the people may see the better, fire is kindled and blessed, and upon the Easter candle the Sign of the Cross is cut. Short, weighty Scriptural phrases, bright with the revealed glory of God, are here spoken over this paschal candle. Then, a symbol of the risen Christ, it is lighted, while, all around, priests and people hold unlighted candles in their hands.

Into the darkened church the procession sweeps. Just inside there is a momentary halt. The deacon sings, "The light of Christ," at which all kneel towards the candle, singing "Thanks be to God!" Thereupon, the celebrant's own hand candle is lighted and the march moves forward.

Midway, there is a second pause, a second joyous acclamation to the light of Christ, and the people's response. Here the clergy's and servers' candles are lit, and the procession advances to the altar.

The third halt is made, the third joyous acclaim and the universal response, and then the people's candles are all quickly lighted from the same paschal candle. All the lights in the church go on, and all stand in happy anticipation of the great Easter proclamation, the *Exultet*.

The age-old hymn wells up. The "happy fault" of Adam's fall is

to be followed by Christ's redeeming and restoring love: "It would have no way profited us to be born, unless we had also been redeemed. O marvelous condescension of thy love towards us! O inestimable decision of charity: to redeem a slave Thou didst hand over thy Son. O surely necessary sin of Adam, which was wiped out by the death of Christ! O happy fault, which merited such and so great a Redeemer. O truly happy night, which alone knew the time of Christ's rising!"

The great paean comes to an end in a confiding prayer for the welfare of the Christian flock, Pope and bishops, priests and people, scattered over the whole wide world. The people put out their candles, as the rite moves into its next phase.

In the old-time Holy Week books, a series of 12 Scriptural passages recounted for the baptismal candidates the graces and blessings of pre-Christian times. The 12 are now reduced to four, and these (save the first) are each followed by snatches of song, also selected from Holy Writ. The people listen seated to these readings, respond to the songs, kneel in silent prayer at the celebrant's bidding. All can quickly compare the blessings and graces given us in Christ Jesus our Lord with the promises of the olden time. The *Litany of the Saints* is now begun, all answering its invocations. The people are reminded of those clouds of witnesses in heaven, glorious men and women

from all walks of life. They all professed belief in Christ and each one received Baptism through his largess of grace.

While the litany goes on, preparations are made in the sanctuary, in plain sight of the people, for the hallowing of the baptismal water. The prayers for the ceremonies are sung: "May the power of the Holy Spirit descend into all the waters of this font! And make the entire substance of water fruitful in regenerating power!"

If there are people to be baptized, the ceremonies of the Roman *Ritual* up to the word *Credes* can be done in the morning. Adult Baptisms in this shortened rite will doubtless again become a common feature of the Easter-eve celebration. The blessing of the font, and the sight of the Baptisms conferred, should remind the people of their own Baptisms. There is masterly psychology in the next step, the renewing of the baptismal pledges.

The celebrant, again robed in white, having incensed the paschal candle once more, faces the people, who light their candles again. Then the celebrant addresses the people thus.

"On this most sacred night, dearly beloved brethren, holy mother Church, meditating on the death and burial of our Lord Jesus Christ, again lovingly keeps vigil for Him; and while waiting for his glorious Resurrection she rejoices exceedingly.

"But since, as the Apostle teaches, we are buried with Christ by Baptism unto death, it behooves us to walk in newness of life, knowing that the 'old' man has been crucified along with Christ so that we may no longer serve sin. Let us, for that reason, consider that we are truly dead through sin, but alive in God, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, now that the Lenten period of good works is completed, let us renew the promises of holy Baptism, wherein we once renounced Satan and his works, as also the world, which is God's enemy, promising to serve faithfully in the holy Catholic Church. Therefore:

Priest: "Do you renounce Satan?"

People: "We do renounce him."

Priest: "And all his works?"

People: "We do renounce them."

Priest: "And all his pomps?"

People: "We do renounce them."

Priest: "Do you believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?"

People: "We do believe."

Priest: "Do you believe in Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son, our Lord, who suffered and died?"

People: "We do believe."

Priest: "Do you believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting?"

People: "We do believe."

Priest: "Now let us all pray to-

gether to God as our Lord Jesus Christ taught us to pray."

People: "Our Father who art in heaven . . ."

Priest: "And may the omnipotent God Himself, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who regenerated us of water and the Holy Spirit, and granted us remission of sins, keep us by his grace in the same Jesus Christ our Lord unto life eternal."

People: "Amen."

The second half of the *Litany of the Saints* is here resumed, the people as before making all the responses.

Meanwhile, as the last section of the litany is chanted, the sacred ministers are vested for the Easter Mass, and final sanctuary preparations are hurriedly carried out: flowers are put on the altar, candles

are lit, the paschal candle is set in its own stand at the Gospel corner.

The litany flows into the *Kyrie* of the Mass said in a low tone, at the corner, just as the celebrant finishes incensing the altar.

As the priest solemnly intones the *Gloria*, all the bells around are rung, the organ peals, and the violet coverings of the sacred images are removed, for God has illuminated this most holy night with light streaming from the unveiled Face of his Christ, enthroned now at the right hand of majesty on high.

The unsearchable riches of our life in Christ come home to us more and more, as we here sweep through the giving and taking of the Easter Mass, and break up our assembly with a foretaste of heaven. *Alleluia, Alleluia.*



Our New Format

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST you are now reading is appearing in a new type and layout format designed to make it more pleasing to the eye and easier to read.

THE DIGEST's new format, including selection of the new Fairfield type, was planned by Milton K. Zudeck of New York City, internationally known typographic counselor. Mr. Zudeck has designed the formats of many distinguished publications both in this country and abroad. He is associated with one of the world's largest advertising agencies as typographic-art director.

The new type face you are now reading is called Fairfield; it was designed by Rudolph Ruzicka, an outstanding American woodcutter. This type is especially adapted to print with the utmost legibility on the paper stock used in THE DIGEST, and its close-fitting characteristics make it possible to accommodate about 30 words more per page than was possible with the type it supersedes—without sacrificing space for titles or pictures.

I Hired a Professional Fund-Raiser

An expert showed our parish how to pay for a church

THE PROBLEM I had before me in May, 1955, was: How do we go about raising the sum of \$250,000 for our new parish church?

For 19 years I have been pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, here in Columbia Heights, in Minneapolis. In this time, the members of the parish had built school, rectory, and convent.

We had progressed with our "plant"-building program on a well-timed first-things-first basis. As our parish grew, our temporary church quarters in the school were greatly overcrowded.

Now, we needed the final accomplishment, a beautiful new church. I had discussed the project with our beloved archbishop. He gave his approval to go ahead. The architect's plans lay before me on my desk.

Now there remained the final question: What is the best way to organize a drive to raise a quarter of a million dollars?

The men and women of Immaculate Conception parish have always responded generously to every call



for funds. Sunday collections have always been substantial, and special fund-raising events like bazaars have been well attended and generously supported with cash.

But I wanted to go before my parishioners, approximately 1,000 families, with not only a request for a huge sum of money, but also with a sensible, workable, and potentially successful plan of operation.

I knew that collecting \$250,000 is really "big business." I made up my mind to hire a professional fund-raising organization. But who?

I reached for the telephone, called my friend, Father Bernard Murray, pastor of St. Leo's parish in neighboring St. Paul. That was the best telephone call I ever made in my life.

Father Murray suggested that we retain a man and an organization that he knew well, William M. McNally and Associates. He offered to call Bill McNally in New

York. That long-distance call from Father Murray brought Bill out on a plane the following morning, and in an hour we were really "in business."*

Bill is a "professional fund raiser." But from his first meeting with my parish committee and me, he proved to be an intelligent, able, genial friend and "pro-tem" parishioner at Immaculate Conception parish. One of our committee leaders refers to him affectionately as "the Coach." And he literally coached us on to victory in the short space of seven intensive and thrilling weeks.

During our early meetings with him, he studied our history, our parishioners, their occupations, the incomes (estimated) of our parish families. He asked countless questions, made notes, gave us some preliminary suggestions, and within a week he submitted the plan. We were ready to go to work!

We had our first meeting with the key men of the parish on Monday, Sept. 12. Bill worked with our parishioners, and set up the drive-organization personnel at the leadership level: top committee, division leaders, and team captains. He explained the three basic steps in an orderly drive for funds: 1. indoctrination; 2. enlistment; 3. evaluation.

Indoctrination meetings were held twice each week for four weeks.

*McNally is but one of many firms specializing in this type of work. A list will be furnished to any pastor on request.

How Times Have Changed!

SINCE 1950, Americans have spent more than \$3 billion on churches and other places of worship. For this year, the U.S. Commerce and Labor departments estimate that church construction will jump 15% over the 1955 peak to an all-time high of \$850 million. The average outlay for a new church is \$100,000.

The church-building boom reflects the great revival of interest in religion since the 2nd World War. In 1956, U.S. church membership totaled 97.5 million, over 60% of total population. A century ago, in the supposedly pious Victorian age, only 16% of Americans were enrolled church members.

Nation's Business (Feb. '56).

The men looked forward to them and enjoyed them. With the contagious enthusiasm of a football coach, Bill pointed out the inspiration of a new church, the joy of each parishioner in helping to build it, both with work expended and money contributed. He spoke so dramatically that the enthusiasm generated in the committee and the workers carried on all through the parish to the 1,000 families and the estimated 1,376 wage earners.

The indoctrination period completed, we were ready for the second step, enlistment. This was when many men made the usual

reply to the call for volunteer solicitors, "Look, Father, I'm no salesman. I'll give, and I'll pay cash. But no pledges and no house-call work for me." Bill McNally answered such objections in fact-filled presentation-work sessions, and turned reluctant men of other vocations, doctors, lawyers, plumbers, carpenters, office workers, into a task force of solicitors anxious to get out and make the family house-to-house calls.

The top committee participated in step No. 3, the evaluation. There, under Bill's direction, we made up estimates of our parishioners' ability to fulfill their full share of pledge and cash contributions to a drive designed to let everyone do his own share.

Announcements from the altar on Sunday, a campaign brochure delivered to every family, and a weekly mailing of newsy bulletins, created parish interest as the drive progressed. And the evaluation work established the fund quota and created the campaign slogan, "A day's wage per month for 30 months."

This answered the one real question any parishioner might have had in mind, "How much shall I give?"

The weekly campaign bulletins enabled every parishioner to participate in each phase of the drive. In bringing out the obligation of personal sacrifice to make a contribution, Bill dramatized a fact in a single paragraph headlined:

"What's Happening to U. S. Spending Habits?" He pointed out that "out of every dollar in America we spend:

5¢ for alcoholic beverages,

4¢ for horse-race betting,

2¢ for cigars, cigarettes,
tobacco,

1¢ for church and charity."

When the third bulletin was mailed, it was accompanied by a printed card: a review of the proposition, "A day's wage per month for 30 months."

The budget card, as Bill called it, carried a chart which reduced to the simplest terms the potential donors' self-budgeting plan.

50¢ A DAY FOR 30 MONTHS

EQUALS \$450.00

*Are You Wondering How Much
You Can Give?*

*This Budget Card Will Help
You Decide*

WHAT YOU PAY DAY BY DAY

Day	Week	Month	Year	2 Years	30 Mos.
.35	2.45	10.50	126	252	315
.40	2.80	12.00	144	288	360
.50	3.50	15.00	180	360	450
.75	5.25	22.50	270	540	675
1.00	7.00	30.00	360	720	900
2.00	14.00	60.00	720	1440	1800
5.00	35.00	150.00	1800	3600	4500
10.00	70.00	300.00	3600	7200	9000

Since raising funds for a church is "big business," Bill McNally applies businesslike methods and careful market analysis to arrive at the potential "market" just as a sales manager analyzes his market. The

income-group figures came out this way. Our parish numbered 1,000 families. Our best estimate set the wage earners at 1,376. Of these wage earners, potential donors all, the income groups were as follows.

- 10% are in the \$100-a-week-and-over group.
- 70% are in the \$75-to-\$99 group.
- 10% are in the low-income group.
- 10% are in the indigent group (widows, pensioners, etc.)

Our contributions would have to come from the 90% who were wage earners. We, therefore, considered as a donor prospect "any adult not going to school."

Our "Drive Kick-Off Meeting" was held at a Communion breakfast. At early Mass, our group of 225 men received Communion together and went to the school auditorium for the breakfast. The Rosary society served a delicious breakfast.

Following a prayer, my talk at the breakfast reviewed the reasons for a new church and the fine history of giving and sacrifice of the parish. I expressed our combined hope for early success of this drive for \$250,000. Then I introduced our committee, thanked them and their workers for coming to the organization meetings, and turned the meeting over to Bill McNally.

His talk was without one note of high-pressure salesmanship. He

made a logical presentation of our objectives. He told the men that the results of the drive would prove to all of us that the accomplished goal would be beyond our fondest dream. Then he made a suggestion that resulted in one of the most gratifying experiences I've had in my years as pastor. He asked the drive workers to "set the pace by your own example." He suggested that they fill out their own pledge cards as an example to all parishioners. They responded with a total pledge and cash subscription of \$66,000. These 225 men, in addition to their weeks of work, and time devoted to meetings, were willing to pledge their own money.

The meeting quieted down, and Bill McNally rose with another surprise for the pastor. He had outlined a list of "memorials that live." These were the items in the new church which could be sponsored by parishioners, individuals or families, in memory of departed relatives or friends, or in honor of living persons or groups.

The memorial opportunities had cash amounts specified for each item. The amount set for each memorial did not necessarily represent actual cost of construction or the equipping of any particular church facility.

The main altar was designated as a \$35,000 contribution. The St. Joseph and the Immaculate Conception side altars were designated at \$5,000 each. Other memorials

covered a range of donations from \$400 to \$2,000, and included individual pews, vestments, candlesticks, sanctuary lamp, statues, and the like.

Who sponsored the main altar? Bill McNally handed me a card, and asked me to read off the name of the donor. No, it wasn't a millionaire. It was a group, a loyal, generous, and hardworking group, too. The sponsors of our main altar were the ladies of the Rosary society, and at that Communion breakfast, which they had prepared and served, they gave their signed pledge cards for \$35,000 and \$20,000 in cash!

We had solicitation by example right there in that group who attended the Communion breakfast. We knew then that with one more week to go the success of our drive was assured.

During the final week, all the memorials that live were sponsored. House-to-house calls were made, pledge cards collected.

Our final meeting, a Communion

breakfast on Sunday, Oct. 23, brought in the final reports. All cards and checks were processed, and fewer than 1% of the pledge cards were still outstanding.

How did we do it? We did it ourselves because ours is a parish of loyal, proud, and responsive parishioners. And our united effort brought extra dividends, too. People got better acquainted. The sharing of hard work to accomplish a great objective brought our men and women closer together.

No one was asked to give more than his share. No one was urged to pledge any amount he couldn't afford.

As a result, the people are more friendly; they all know what the community problem is; they are all proud to be engaged in a common task.

I think they will be proud as they watch the progress on the church building.

When the final tabulation was made, it turned out that we had raised, not \$250,000, but \$406,739.



Wrong Righted

A FAMOUS Hollywood producer made life miserable for all those around him by pretending to be absolutely infallible. Then one day, at a scenario conference, he inadvertently startled them all by letting slip some remark that indicated that he had once made a mistake.

The others were quick to catch him up. "What, *you* wrong?" one of them sneered. "I thought that couldn't happen."

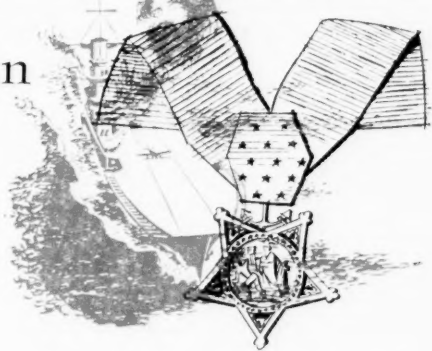
"Yes," returned the infallible one modestly. "Once I thought I was wrong when I wasn't."

Pageant (March '56).

By Rear Adm. Leslie E. Gehres, USN
Condensed from the "American Weekly"*

The Bravest Man I Ever Knew

*When the aircraft carrier
'Franklin' was burning, Father
O'Callahan's work was above
and beyond the call of duty*



FATHER JOSEPH TIMOTHY O'Callahan was the bravest man I ever knew. A Jesuit, and an instructor in mathematics and philosophy, he was a lieutenant commander and senior chaplain on the *USS Franklin*, an aircraft carrier that I was commanding on March 19, 1945, about 50 miles off the coast of Japan.

Not long after dawn that morning, while we were launching aircraft, the *Franklin* was hit with two heavy bombs by a Japanese dive bomber. Both bombs penetrated to the hangar deck, killing everyone inside. The planes on the flight deck were bounced into the air and came down in a pile, their churning propellers chopping into gas tanks and spilling out 17,000 gallons of fuel. The gasoline vapor went off with a tremendous blast, and we were on fire from stem to stern on three decks.

For four interminable hours, blast

after blast rocked the ship. All interior communications were destroyed, fire mains were cut, all power was lost.

From my position on the bridge, it seemed that wherever I looked I could see a familiar battle helmet with a white cross painted on it. My navigator, Cmdr. Stephen Jurika, didn't overstate the case when he wrote in his log, "O'Callahan was everywhere, leading men, officiating at last rites, manning hoses, and doing the work of ten men."

Thousand-pound bombs kept going off like firecrackers at a festival. The men would scurry away, only to meet the padre charging in after more of the wounded. Time and again they followed him.

There are twin turrets fore and aft of the *Franklin's* bridge—ammunition-handling rooms for five-inch antiaircraft guns. In mid-morning, the aft one blew up in the worst blast up to then.

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Dec. 4, 1955. © 1955 by the Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

I looked at the forward turret. Visible heat fumes were coming out of the top hatch, indicating that it might be next to blow. I called to a group of men on deck to take a hose inside and cool it down.

They didn't understand, but O'Callahan did. He recruited two other officers, and the three of them went down into that oven-hot hole with a small emergency hose, knowing that it might blow sky high any instant. A few minutes later, O'Callahan's smoke-grimed face grinned up at me from the hatch as he made the OK sign with his fingers. Then he and the other two officers passed out the ammo, still blistering hot, to a waiting line of men who tossed it overboard.

I breathed a sigh of relief. If that turret had gone like the other one, the ship probably would have been abandoned and lost.

I recommended Chaplain O'Callahan for the Congressional Medal of Honor, and it was approved. The President himself presented the medal, the first such award to a chaplain since the navy's Medal of Honor was created in 1861.

I am not a Catholic. I have been asked why I recommended the Congressional Medal for O'Callahan and only Navy Crosses for the two officers who accompanied him into the jaws of death. To a seagoing professional, the answer is obvious. The other two were line officers. It was not "above and beyond the call of duty" for them to risk their lives

Death Is Life

PEOPLE SAY that what I did was brave. I sincerely think that what I did anyone else would do, if he takes Christ at face value. If one is in a position where, without seeking death, he may die at any moment, there is no particular cause for alarm, because, through death, he meets Christ in heaven.

Father O'Callahan in *America*
(9 June '45).

to save the ship. But it was no part of the chaplain's duty to help carry that hose into a dark, hot, explosive turret. He just went.

In the afternoon, another Japanese plane sprayed us with bullets. The padre, on deck, didn't even look up.

We got a tow late in the day, and managed to outlive the night. By morning, we had part of our power again and managed to limp back to Pearl Harbor, the worst-damaged navy ship ever to reach port. With 432 dead and more than 1,000 wounded, ours was the greatest casualty list in navy history.

All the way back, Chaplain O'Callahan was the life of the party. He helped organize a band with dish pans and tubs and he wrote parodies of familiar songs, to keep the boys in humor. The Jewish lads aboard, who had no chaplain of their own faith, got tired of hearing their Irish friends boasting about their padre.

"He's our padre, too," one of them declared. "To us he's Rabbi Joe, you jerks." The story got around. Years later, I received a note from Father O'Callahan signed, "Yours in Christ, Rabbi Joe."

Now, a decade after the disaster, Columbia Studios in Hollywood is working on a film, *Battle Stations*, based on the *Franklin's* travail and on the heroism of Chaplain O'Callahan, who'll have a fictitious name in the movie.

Father O'Callahan is back at Holy Cross college, in Worcester, Mass., where he taught before the war. Three years of general combat service on carriers didn't help his health any. I hear he has suffered a stroke and is now a semi-invalid, although he hopes to teach again soon.

Father's spirits are still high, I'm told. They would be. I pray God isn't ready to let him die for a long time to come.



Hearts Are Trumps

EARLY IN OUR married life Bud and I found it hard to make both ends meet on the meager salary he earned running the stock room for a large commercial refrigerator company.

One of his duties was to sell scrap material for whatever it would bring from local scrap dealers, then turn in the money to the head of his department. One day the scrap payment came to \$50, five crisp ten-dollar bills. In the press of business, he put the money in an envelope and set it aside, intending to turn it in later. But when the boss came by and my husband reached for the envelope, it was gone!

Frantically, Bud went up and down the plant, asking everybody if he had seen the envelope, sure that it had been picked up by mistake. But no trace of it was to be found.

That evening he came home and told me what had happened. We both felt mighty low at the thought of having to repay the money. We were expecting our second baby, and had almost nothing saved up.

Next day, when Bud reached into his desk, he found another envelope containing change and bills totaling exactly \$50. The men and women with whom he worked had understood what had happened and had chipped in to make up the amount. Greatly touched by their trust in him, Bud took the money to the boss and explained what had happened.

Not to be outdone by such kindness, the boss returned the money to the contributors and charged it up to operating loss. And where before there had often been tension between him and the others, from that day the whole plant ran smoothly in an atmosphere of mutual trust.

Mrs. F. L. Kerber.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Duncan Aikman
Condensed from "Collier's"*

Go South, Young Man!

*Latin America is a booming frontier
for today's pioneers*



I HAVE JUST returned from a three-month, 17,000-mile survey trip south of our Mexican border. I saw Latin America's cities growing as fast as any in the history of the world. I saw hundreds more factories than I had observed on previous swings around the hemisphere in 1938 and 1945. From Mexico down to Chile and Argentina I found bigger mining, oil-drilling, timber, farm-production, and power-development operations under way than ever before.

I found nearly a third more people in the 11 republics I visited than were there on my last trip ten years earlier. The population now totals 171 million, by the 1980's may reach 275 million, and early in the 21st century is expected to pass half a billion.

It was plain to see, too, that just as happened on the U. S. frontier from the 1870's on, Latin America's countryfolk are moving into the cities, swarming into the industrial and service jobs to be had there.

I talked with hundreds of Ameri-

can businessmen trying to get in on the Latin frontier's ground floor. Along with stories of their headaches, successes, and future prospects, they told me (and proved it with figures) that Latin America's new city populations are upping the new frontier's industrial output by leaps and bounds. Despite huge currency inflations in many republics, the masses of new producers are raising their own and others' purchasing power more or less in proportion.

Improved wages and appetites for the comforts of city living are spreading into remote backlands. This process is being sparked increasingly by constant visits back and forth, by bus or jalopy, between the newly established city folk and their country relatives.

"Nearly 100 million Latin Americans are waiting and wanting to become big-time customers, for ev-

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. Jan. 6, 1956. © 1956 by Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

everything from cream-and-mauve convertibles to electric toasters," an official of a U. S. merchandising chain in Peru said to me. "How many will there be when their population doubles? How much can they buy when their production-consumption economy gets really clicking?"

This beckoning opportunity was noted by George M. Humphrey, our secretary of the treasury, after he toured the South American frontier.

"I think that over the next generation you are going to see a tremendous development in South America," Humphrey told Washington's National Press club. "I don't see how you can stop it. Our interest, of course, is that it be developed on a sound basis; that it does raise the standards of living of the great mass of the people; that it does become a big mass market, a big mass producer; and that the governments grow in strength and stability, because the more we have of that in this hemisphere, of course, the better the situation is for us."

Secretary Humphrey observed that he had seen some American boom towns in his time, but nothing to compare with the hustle and upsurge which impresses a traveler in Latin America today.

In Mexico City, I drove for a full day around the ring of factories on the outskirts without quite managing to complete the circuit.

Almost 30 miles out of Buenos Aires, I was still passing new industrial plants and many-storied, government-built apartment houses for their workers. In Peru I found two parallel paved highways linking Lima and its seaport of Callao, eight miles away, almost solidly lined with factories and warehouses.

All this bustle suggests an up-to-date paraphrase of Horace Greeley's classic advice to the seeker of new opportunity: "Go south, young man; go south of the border. And grow up with the country."

Plenty of Americans already have taken this advice; between \$7 and \$8 billion of U. S. private capital is now at work south of the Rio Grande. This is by no means hitting the new frontier with all we've got. Still, the range of U. S. investments is enormous. It runs from the \$2 billion or more of American oil and iron holdings in Venezuela down to small machine shops, steam laundries, ice-cream plants, hamburger stands, barrooms, one-man ad agencies, and two-man engineering firms.

Sears Roebuck stores are infiltrating U. S. merchandising methods into Latin-American commercial centers. Several major U. S. advertising agencies have been in Latin America for almost a generation. Branches of the Boston First National bank, or New York's First-National City or Chase-Manhattan banks are fixtures of most major cities.

American businessmen export to

Latin America, or assemble or manufacture there, sewing machines, typewriters, automobiles, household and office gadgets, food, soaps, cosmetics, dentifrices, cement, and dozens of other building materials. Most top-notch American pharmaceutical houses have branches in a dozen larger Latin-American cities.

The young American's opportunity to get ahead in Latin America is mainly a matter of an informed, on-the-spot selection of the best chance. But before striking out on his own he should live in one republic, or several, long enough to learn his business landmarks.

One standard prescription is to get a job with a U.S. corporation already operating in a Latin republic, and so get paid for the two to ten years it may take to look around. A medium-sized corporation may be better for this experience than a big company. In a smaller orbit, he should meet more Latin Americans sooner, both in business and socially.

The pay in most cases is good—at least as good as pay for similar work in the U.S.

Young American jobholders are nearly always paid in dollars or their equivalent in local currencies at going exchange rates. Few start at rock-bottom beginners' wages.

Launching a new business in a Latin republic involves extensive dickering with officials. The difficulties vary from country to country, and it is not easy to keep relative ratings up to date. Recently, Ameri-

can businessmen have probably been tried worst by bureaucratic regulations in Argentina and Brazil and by the hazards of inflation in Chile. In Peru and Venezuela, on the other hand, U.S. business operates nowadays with comparatively few headaches.

The newcomer should keep his eyes open for some hole in the economy that he can personally fill. He may find a future for himself in anything from a waffle bar or small handicraft-export business to building a railroad or revamping a corporation's finances.

He should look around for a trustworthy Latin-American partner, often required by law, who will contribute not only financially, but in terms of local prestige and political influence.

More than 100,000 U.S. citizens are on the new business frontier as permanent or long-time residents of Latin America. There are about 35,000 in the "American colonies" of Mexico alone, as owners, managers, agents, or employees of American business. In Venezuela, there are 20,000; in Peru and Brazil, close to 5,000 each.

The U.S. ambassador to Venezuela not long ago felt compelled to suspend the ancient custom of holding annual 4th-of-July open house at the embassy. No official explanation was offered, but the reason was plain to everyone. There were just too many Americans eligible for free Scotch and cocktails.

By Robert P. Goldman
Condensed from "Parade"

Add Years to Your Life!

Start right now to apply the latest findings of medical science

IF YOU START right now, today, you can add up to ten years to your life. All you need do is follow a few simple rules of hygiene based on the latest findings of medical science.

Americans already enjoy the greatest life expectancy in history (currently about 70 years, at birth), and tomorrow's babies should be even better off. But that does not affect you directly if you are old enough to read these lines. What is your life expectancy right now? (See chart on p. 24.) Can it be increased? Doctors answer emphatically: Yes—if you will play your part and work with them to do it.

The key word is *activity*. To live longer, you must do things, physically, mentally, socially, spiritually, and keep doing them. This does not mean setting up a daily timetable for the rest of your life and being forced to follow it—or else. It does mean learning why various forms of activity are considered basic for longer life, and then letting your own desires guide you in making use of them.

Here is the basic program.

Weight control. You know already that excess fat may slash years from your life. However, in the past, doctors were not sure of the proper weight for each given age. Now a group of New York



AGE 20

AGE 40

AGE 60

university researchers has worked out a fat-to-muscle ratio which tells what you should weigh for maximum well-being through life. Secret: to take off weight after you reach 40.

As you age, muscle diminishes and fat increases. Thus, if your weight remains constant through mid-life, you are carrying an increasingly dangerous proportion of fat.

Physical exercise. For years you have heard that exercise is good for

you. Doctors were hazy (and some still are) about just how much a person benefits from exercise, in terms of total life span.

A new English study shows that, on the average, men whose jobs require daily exercise live eight years longer than those who sit all day at work. Physical exercise throughout life, geared to the individual's capacity, can slow down and in some cases prevent the joint ailments of aging. In addition, keeping physically fit actually builds reserve strength in the heart. Such strength, doctors point out, may stave off death when illness strikes.

Mental and "social" exercise. New findings indicate that when a person stops using his brain it tends to "decay." As with other organs, lack of use causes deterioration. But mental exercise, reading, discussing, learning, chatting, tends to preserve the brain at a high level.

And one study shows conclusively that people with active, inquiring minds live longer than those whose minds are shut tight to new ideas and social contacts.

To age successfully, says Columbia university scientist Dr. Irving Lorge, you should learn or do something new every day. If you thus broaden your intellectual horizons, he explains, you need not fear growing old.

Another yardstick for mental ex-

This Is Your Life

YOUR AGE	MEN Remaining years	BONUS YEARS	WOMEN Remaining years	BONUS YEARS
20	48.9 yrs.	+10	53.7 yrs.	+10
30	39.8 yrs.	+10	44.3 yrs.	+10
40	30.8 yrs.	+10	35.1 yrs.	+10
50	22.6 yrs.	?	26.4 yrs.	?
60	15.7 yrs.	?	18.5 yrs.	?
70	10.1 yrs.	?	11.7 yrs.	?
80	5.9 yrs.	?	6.7 yrs.	?

ercise is offered by Clark Tibbitts, chairman, Committee on Aging, U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. At age 20, he advises devoting 5% to 10% of your spare time to personal, intellectual activity; at 40, 20%; at 50 (when parental duties have decreased), 50% of your leisure should be spent "exploring new interests, new ideas."

Rest. Seeking to find some common denominator among people 60, 70, and 80, a group of scientists discovered that some smoked, some drank, a few were even overweight—but all had gotten the right amount of sleep through life.

What is the right amount? According to Dr. Edward Henderson, president of the American Geriatrics society and director of clinical research of the Schering Corp., no one can get along well on four or five hours of sleep a night. His recommendation: a minimum of seven hours until age 60, and nine thereafter.

Apart from the areas just out-

lined, how else can you add years to your life? One answer: periodic health check-ups. For example, the American Cancer society points out that 80,000 lives per year can be *saved* (not merely prolonged) in each of the next five years if there is detection and proper early treatment of cancer patients.

And Dr. Henderson provides additional advice on life past middle age.

1. If you wish to live longer, stop worrying. Man-made strains, worry, and emotional conflicts pose just as great threats to health as bacteria or viruses.

2. If possible, take a nap after lunch. Don't "walk off" a meal. In middle age and beyond, a nap, or at least a rest, permits fuller use by your system of the food you've eaten.

3. Irritability among the aging can be prevented in most cases. Crotchety old people seek what a crying child seeks: affection and understanding.

4. There may even be an answer to the increasing brittleness of aging bones. Hormone treatments now being tested show promise of some

Ages of Region

You have nothing to say about where you're born, but life expectancy does vary by region in the U. S. It's highest in the West North Central states (Minn., Ia., Mo., Neb., Kans. and the Dakotas); lowest in the East South Central states (Ky., Tenn., Ala., and Miss.). If you're a woman, your life expectancy is lowest if you live in the Middle Atlantic states (N.Y., N.J., and Pa.); if you're a man, it's lowest in the mountain states (Mont., Idaho, Col., New Mex., Ariz., Utah, Nev., Wyo.).

day paving the way to fewer joint aches and pains in the aged.

Recently, Dr. Frederick C. Swartz, of Lansing, Mich., long-time student of the problems of aging, told a scientific meeting, "If we could apply systematically all the knowledge which lies within our hands today to everyone in the U. S., we could increase the life expectancy ten years within one generation."

But you don't need to wait a generation. You can start now.

The Alligator Valued Them, Too!

THE TOURIST stopped for a moment to stare at the African warrior's necklace. "Yes, very pretty, but what is it made of?" she asked in a patronizing tone.

"Alligator teeth, ma'am," replied the native.

"Oh, I see. And I suppose they have the same value for you people that pearls have for us."

"Not quite," the African answered gravely. "Anybody can open an oyster."
Troy (N.Y.) *Times Record* (4 Nov. '53).

By Martha Monigle

Priest, Prince, and Princess

Father Tucker has helped a restless young man become mature enough to become a ruler and a husband

WHO is this cheery, white-haired priest whose picture so often appears with the debonair Prince Rainier III of Monaco? And how, after 25 years as a parish priest in Wilmington, Del., did he come to be the prince's private chaplain?

When the engagement of the prince to glamorous Grace Kelly, of the famous Philadelphia Kelly family, was announced recently, hovering in the background news pictures was the priest, Father J. Francis Tucker.* No one was more pleased with the betrothal than Father Tucker, who, having been stationed for years in Wilmington, which is not far from Philadelphia, had been for a long time a good friend of Grace's father, John Brendan Kelly, who is a former Olympic oarsman—now a million-aire contractor.

In fact, some Broadway columnists intimat-

ed that Father Tucker had a hand in arranging the match. "Some would have you believe," says he, "that I was Father Cupid. Actually, I just threw a few darts." Date of the marriage has been set for April 18 in Monaco.

Five years ago, Father Tucker arrived in Rome to serve as a councillor general of his Order, the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales. He looked forward to the peace of study and research after 25 active years in Delaware, where he was born.

One morning, after attending Mass at St. Peter's, he wandered about the historic building, recalling with nostalgia his student days there. By coincidence, he bumped into an old classmate, Monsignor



*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March 1955, p. 13, and May, 1954, p. 73.

Tardini, now the Pope's pro-secretary of state.

As he and the monsignor reminisced, Father Tucker noticed that the other listened attentively when he spoke of his Italian-speaking parish of St. Anthony's in Wilmington and about the French he had picked up as a chaplain in the 1st World War. But he thought that Tardini was just extending the usual European courtesy. At parting, Monsignor Tardini hinted that they might meet again, and soon.

The very next day, Father Tucker received an urgent message to appear at the Vatican. There he was flabbergasted to learn that he was being assigned to St. Charles' church in Monte Carlo. Since there are only three Catholic realms left in Europe, Monaco, Luxembourg, and Lichtenstein, he realized that it was unusual for the post to be given to an American.

"There were two reasons why they sent me to Monaco," Father's blue eyes twinkle behind his glasses as he talks. "One was that the prince had gone in person to ask for an American. Another was that the Pope thought a good Irish-American priest could battle it out with the Italians and Frenchmen already there."

Never having been to Monte Carlo, which lies along the famed Riviera, Father knew less about it than the average tourist. He did know, however (after a brief inspection), that the place needed a

shot in the arm. With only three young curates to help him, all as green as he was, he rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

"St. Charles was a good parish, but it was run down," he says about his church, which is a stone's throw from the gambling casino. "While I was waiting to hear from the prince, I thought I'd show him some real American action."

He learned that the young prince, who remained discreetly in the background, had admired Americans ever since he had acted as liaison officer for the French army with the U.S. 36th Infantry division. Because of the Americans' direct way of dealing with problems, Prince Rainier had decided that an American priest would be best able to halt the constant bickering going on in his tiny country, squeezed as it is on the border of France near Italy. Those two countries had been on opposing sides in the last war and the border citizens had never kissed and made up.

Naturally, the priest was very curious to meet the prince, but in his innocence of court protocol, he kept waiting for a royal summons. Seven months later, he was told to present his credentials immediately, for the monarch was impatient to see him.

Father drove up the hill to the fortress-like palace that overlooks the semitropical, lush country of mile-and-a-half-long Monaco. He confesses that his knees were shaking as he followed the liveried cham-

berlain to the prince's private apartment in the 300-room palace.

"I wasn't used to interviews with heads of states," he says modestly. "I knew I had to watch my P's and Q's."

Father was relieved to find that the handsome young Rainier not only looked like an American, what with his casual clothes, trim brown hair, and direct disarming gaze, but that he talked American. They sat down, and the prince put Father at ease by keeping to informal conversation.

Mentally, Father reviewed the startling changes he had made in his new parish: the unlocking of the coin boxes, the abolishing of private pews and three-priced weddings, and the firing of the operatic choir singers. He wondered if he had gone too far in sweeping out the outmoded systems. The prince, however, asked eager questions about America.

"I need your help here, Father," the prince said as they shook hands at the end of the visit. "Let me know if I can assist you in any way."

"Your Highness, as long as I know you're behind me, I'll keep right on doing things the American way."

Several times afterwards, the prince invited him to palace receptions. Each time, Rainier was surrounded by his court attendants. There is an elaborate ceremony to entering and leaving a room where

royalty presides. Father thought that the young man looked as ill at ease as he himself felt.

"My heart went out to this fine, upstanding prince," he says. "I wanted to talk freely to him, but there was too much of that protocol business. I didn't want to put my foot in it."

Rainier must have sensed the priest's feelings. Also, he noted that the American was not acting as typically free and easy as he reportedly did with his Monegasque parishioners. So he sent off a letter by one of his red-plumed *carbiniers*. "Dear Father: Can't you forget that I am a prince and just treat me as one of your boys?"

That was all the encouragement Father needed. On his next visit, he told his host, "If you can take it, Your Highness, I can dish it out. It'll be the plain unvarnished treatment all the others get."

"Try me, Father. And, please, don't use any titles when we're alone together."

It wasn't long before they were "Rainier" and "Tuck" to each other. When the priest spoke of him, it was always as "my boy." The prince was delighted with their new footing. For the first time in his life, he found somebody who would talk openly to him, disagree, scold, or praise him as occasion demanded.

Father proceeded to "dish it out" in a few heart-to-heart talks. Gently he informed the young fellow that as much as he might wish to lead

a private life, he had to face the fact that he was a ruler, a public figure with obligations to meet. Because he suffers from extreme self-consciousness, the prince would excuse himself from public appearances as often as possible.

"They can't possibly want me to be there," he'd say. "I've done nothing to merit their attention."

Father realized that the young ruler felt unsure of himself chiefly because he was not at home in the country. He had spent most of his life in boarding schools in England. He had taken over the title in 1949 upon the death of his grandfather, Louis II, a highly picturesque figure who had dominated the principality with an iron will.

"You're the symbol of Monaco," the priest would coax him. "When you're present, people feel as if they're seeing money in the bank. And that makes them confident in their country."

Then the prince would laugh, and agree to attend another charity ball, or a ballet performance, or to bestow a prize on the school's best speller. Anybody watching him burn the sailboat replica in the public square during traditional ceremonies for their patron St. Devota, would never guess that the poised, smiling young monarch might be fighting inward stage fright. But now, whenever a national holiday is celebrated, the Monegasque people know that their sovereign will join them.

For every concession that the roy-

al youngster made to the judgment of the older priest, he struck a bargain. If Rainier was going to live at the palace permanently instead of retiring at times to his private villa, then the priest would have to visit him every day for lunch. Father protested vigorously at this condition, because in Europe the noon-day meal is the most important one of the day, lasting two hours. Father felt that he could not take that much time from his parish duties. Finally they compromised. Father would spend Fridays at the rectory. Now they joke about his "day off."

To balance Rainier's fiery Latin temperament and Father's quick Irish temper, there is a mutual sense of humor that rescues both when the sparks fly. The two of them have many private jokes; in many, Father gets the short end because of his lack of familiarity with court behavior. The priest goes to the luncheons and hobnobs with the visiting celebrities, but he doesn't cease to be an informal person with a childlike zest for life.

Once at a reception for naval officers and men from American and other foreign ships at the Monaco port, the young monarch asked Father to say the grace. Father was concluding, "... and God save the prince and the principality." Then in a burst of patriotism, and forgetting the French and British admirals present, he added, "and God bless America."

Everyone laughed—except the

master of protocol. Rainier leaned over and whispered to Father Tucker, "Next time, Father, just say it in Latin."

Father Tucker is kindest of priests. Yet he often jolts people with his sermons (whether in French or English). Happily, his direct punches are usually gloved in a hearty joke, and the people leave church with their hearts more awake than when they entered.

The prince is keenly aware of Father Tucker's spiritual vitality. He admits that he feels a better person when the priest is present. That's the reason he asked Father Tucker to be his private chaplain in addition to being the parish priest of St. Charles.

The priest soon came to know the entire royal family. Rainier's father, mother, and sister welcomed this cheery, alert man who had helped the prince become a more forceful and decisive person.

To the Princess Antoinette, his married sister, Rainier is still "little brother," because she is two years his senior. He agrees that it is easier to boss his parents than his sister. But at the same time he is glad that his vivacious sister is able to substitute for him when he cannot make public appearances.

One day the royal mother asked Father Tucker to speak to her son about his fast driving. Father waited for a good opening. It came one day when the prince was about to dash off to Paris.

"Rainier, don't you think you'd better have a blessing before starting out?" he asked.

"Why, Tuck?"

"Because your mother worries about the way you speed."

"She gave me a St. Christopher medal. Won't that do?"

"She'll feel better if you have the blessing, too."

The young man waited for the blessing, then stepped on the gas, calling back, "If there's an accident, tell mother I got the blessing."

Father Tucker drives up to the palace gates at noon each day in his little black Simca. By that time, the prince has spent a busy morning with the affairs of his government. As an absolute ruler, he can disband his 18-member parliament at any time, but he presents all plans to them and follows their ultimate decisions.

"My boy takes the initiative in civic improvements," Father says proudly. "He wants Monaco to be known as a year-round resort and not just a gambling spot. That casino is owned by a private company, anyway. Monte Carlo will have the best swimming beach on the Riviera when the prince gets finished with it."

The ministers are greatly relieved now that His Highness has decided to marry Grace. For although Monaco has been fiercely independent for 700 years, it will by treaty revert to France if Rainier does not marry and have an heir.

After the prince had decided to come to America, he and Father Tucker spent months poring over maps and juggling itineraries to fit into a busy schedule. The priest was to be his personal guide in the U.S.

"You'll have to expect a lot of publicity," Father warned him before they sailed. "After all, you're a good-looking guy, and Americans don't often see a real live prince. But I want the American people to know you as I do. Then they'll like you for yourself and not because you're a prince."

Recently Father Tucker was awarded the coveted Legion of Honor medal by France (a distinction rarely given to a foreigner) for aiding French relations. It was Rainier who acted as host for the traditional party afterwards. He stood beside a huge fireplace at the palace reception and watched the guests crowding around to warmly

congratulate the beaming priest.

"Now my request for an American priest for Monaco is justified," he said with obvious pride. "Today is the final proof."

Five years have gone by since their first meeting. Certainly both of their lives have been changed by that contact: the priest's from one of relative obscurity to one of continuous publicity; that of his protegee from one of restlessness to one of mature acceptance of responsibility.

They hope to go on together, each giving the other a warmth and understanding that seldom exists between two persons with such differences in age and background. The prince is 32; Father Tucker, 66.

Those who know Father Tucker best say that, to retain his respect, a man must be a real man—something of a prince. Rainier III is exactly that, both figuratively and literally.



The Mighty Pen

SISTER was teaching her sixth-grade class how to write business letters. "Now, I want you to pretend that this is a classified ad in the newspaper," she said, writing on the board. "You have the rest of the period to answer it." She stood away from the board and the children read: "WANTED: Experienced milliner to trim hats. Apply Miss Smith, 10 Blank St."

That night, as Sister corrected the papers, she found that one boy had written: "Dear Miss Smith, I see you need a milliner. I hate to trim hats. I hate to disappoint you, but can't you get somebody else? Let me know at once. Bill Tilton."

Frances Benson.

By Cabell Phillips
Condensed from the "New
York Times Magazine"*

What Makes a Presidential Candidate

*It's not enough to like dogs
and little children*

WHAT DOES IT take to be a candidate for President? Almost any ambitious citizen can make the try. Although he must be 35 years old to claim the prize if he wins it, neither law nor custom will stop him from trying.

He may be a dullard or a genius, a knave or a knight, a barefoot boy from a log cabin or the pampered scion of a wealthy family. He doesn't even have to be out of jail—Eugene Debs was in federal prison at Atlanta when he was nominated on the Socialist ticket in 1920. In fact, he can run the other way and let the nomination overtake him, as Stevenson did in 1952.

Our nominating process is, in fact, a gigantic lottery with few ground rules and no standard entry forms. Every four years, the biggest job in the land is tossed up for grabs, and may the best man win. It seems like an untidy way to pick a chief of state, and yet, with only a few conspicuous exceptions, those



who have been picked have measured up pretty well to the job.

But it is not all a matter of blind luck. While many are called (or think they are), the few who are chosen as their party's candidates are those who survive the screening process of public opinion and political fitness.

Now, as it does every four years, the ritual is beginning anew. Across the land, there is a restless stirring in the political warrens, and citizens of normally sound mind and sober reason prepare for an excursion into partisan polemics and hokum. A few, more heavily smitten than others, groom themselves for leading roles in the drama.

What do the tests of public opin-

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. Jan. 8, 1956. © 1956 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

ion and political fitness demand of such men if they are to claim their party's nomination? History suggests certain qualities which have been common, more or less, to the major-party nominees in the last 14 Presidential contests. From this we can construct a plausible, if not necessarily infallible, set of qualifications which a man ought to have if he hopes to capture his party's nomination and make a good showing at the polls. Such qualifications are, of course, no guarantee of election, nor does their lack mean certain failure. But, like most of the cardinal virtues, they are assets to any candidate.

1. The successful candidate must mirror the mood of his time, for the times do more to choose the man (or the type of man) who will make a successful candidate than anything else. Theodore Roosevelt, for example, was a natural for the Presidency in 1904, quite apart from the fact that he already had served nearly three years as a succession President following McKinley's assassination.

Old Mark Hanna, the "Mr. Republican" of his day, who had referred bitterly to the young vice president as "that cowboy," toyed briefly with the notion of claiming the nomination himself, to protect the vested interests of which he was so conspicuous a part. But the nation, revolted by three decades of plunder and exploitation by combines of big politics and big busi-

ness, was in a mood to "throw the rascals out."

Teddy Roosevelt vitalized the reforming movement of his time and made it his own. Moreover, he was the kind of dashing, aristocratic adventurer so much in vogue in the opening years of the century.

Eight years later, Woodrow Wilson came upon the scene when the drift back to big-business dominance had been encouraged under Taft, and when the liberal temper of the country was again asserting itself. He gained his party's nomination by besting two contemporary giants, Speaker Champ Clark of Missouri and Senator Oscar L. Underwood of Alabama, and by repudiating the support of Tammany Hall.

The liberal trend was so militant, in fact, that Wilson's rather academic idealism might have lost out to the more pugnacious brand offered by Roosevelt's Bull Moose party. But the Republican vote in 1912 was split between its orthodox and insurgent wings, and Wilson, a dark horse, was swept in.

If the mood of the early 20's did not necessarily dictate the choice of a weak and susceptible Harding, it certainly called for someone who would throw off the irksome controls and dissolve the dreary memories of wartime. And, similarly, the fear and misery of the early 30's demanded the buoyant courage of a Franklin Roosevelt rather than the caution of a Herbert Hoover.

Thus, every successful candidate

conforms to the moods of his period. Whether he deliberately shaped himself to the circumstances, or whether he already had the vision and personality which the circumstances required, is debatable. But the fact remains that the candidate himself has nearly always reflected the prevailing drives, notions, and prejudices of his day. His other talents count for nothing unless he meets this test.

2. He must appeal to a variety of interests, not merely to the dominant ones of his own party. Both major parties are, in effect, coalitions of diverse and often conflicting viewpoints on many social, economic, and political topics. In fact, it is hard these days to tell a middle-of-the-road Republican from a middle-of-the-road Democrat, and the glue that holds party loyalties together is usually nothing more substantial than a bond of habit.

Neither party can rely today on its own registered strength for victory. Each has to capture some adherents from the other or pick up a large bloc of independents to win. While Democrats are believed to be more numerous than Republicans, enough of them switched allegiance in 1952 to give President Eisenhower a landslide victory.

Thus, a too-rigid mold of partisanship can be fatal to a candidate. The truth of this can be seen in the frustrations of the late Senator Robert A. Taft, who twice was denied the Republican nomination he

so strenuously sought. "Mr. Republican's" inflexible conservatism left no room for compromise. Even his most faithful supporters would often admit that "Bob Taft would make a wonderful President—but not a candidate!"

3. He must be acceptable to the rulers of his party. This is not always true—Wendell Willkie was poison to most of the GOP bosses to the end of his career. Harry Truman captured the Democratic nomination in 1948 and then the election in the face of an outright revolt by many Southern leaders. But these were extraordinary cases, and the candidate who has to override his party bosses to get the nomination generally finds that he must make a workable treaty with them right after the convention.

The reason is twofold. First, a solid front of party support is greatly to be desired. And, second, it is the organization, not the individual candidate, which supplies the money and the manpower to do all the things that go into a campaign: like buying \$2 million of television time (a goal of both parties for 1956); organizing nation-wide tours; turning out crowds for parades, rallies, and barbecues; ringing precinct doorbells; and so on.

The bosses understandably expect the man on whom this effort is expended to be a reliable party man who will not let a lot of altruistic nonsense becloud his sense of obligation.

4. He should come from a populous state, preferably one that he can carry by a substantial margin. Big states have big electoral votes.

Of the 20 men who have faced one another as major-party candidates in the 14 elections since the turn of the century only three came from smaller states: William Jennings Bryan, Nebraska (1900 and 1908); John W. Davis, West Virginia (1924), and Alfred M. Landon, Kansas (1936). New York has been represented 12 times; Ohio, five. Other candidates' states are New Jersey, Massachusetts, California, Missouri, Indiana, and Illinois.

The geographical location of the candidate's state is also important. He must be able both to capitalize upon whatever sectional solidarity exists and to neutralize the solidarity of other regions. The South, the Middle West, and the West, for example, are supposed to harbor a great deal of regional pride. If a candidate cannot claim these as "home," he must have some means of compensating for the unfortunate circumstance of having been born elsewhere.

He may do this by pretending great concern for popular regional issues or, better still, by awarding the No. 2 position on his ticket to a native of one of these regions. The South and the West between them have had only one Presidential candidate in this century, Herbert Hoover, a Californian, who

headed the Republican ticket in 1928 and 1932, but they have furnished eight vice presidential candidates. This is known as "balancing the ticket."

5. He must have achieved some prominence, preferably in a manner identifiable with some aspect of the prevailing public mood. Of the 20 major-party candidates in the 14 elections held in this century, 11 had been governors, four had served in Congress, and two in the Cabinet. Theodore Roosevelt had won renown as a trust buster before he stood for election in his own right. Wilson, a governor of New Jersey, was hailed when he ran for a second term because "he kept us out of war."

Hoover, in 1928, because of his career as wartime food administrator, and later as secretary of commerce, was called "The Great Engineer"—with a business inflection that suited the boom-time mentality of the day. One of the strongest appeals of General Eisenhower in 1952 was that, as a soldier, he was presumed to know best how to extricate the country from the Korean war. And so it has gone.

6. Finally, he must be a person of some charm and magnetism. Granted that an aspirant possesses all the other desirable attributes for a candidate and that he reflects the prevailing popular mood of his time, he must be capable of selling himself and his talents to the voters.

By J. J. Hanlin
*Condensed from "Ave Maria"**

Where Is Prague's Archbishop?

*He was last seen by his flock in 1949; now the last trickle
of news about him has dried up*

FOR MONTHS NOW there has been no word concerning the whereabouts and health of Archbishop Josef Beran of Prague, Primate of Czechoslovakia. It is possible that he has given up his life for his faith.

Archbishop Beran is the least known of the four great primate-martyrs. Outwardly, he is a small, frail man. Pictures of him always leave you surprised that he is so short—a little more than five feet. When he left the concentration camp of Dachau after the 2nd World War he weighed only 100 pounds.

He had started his priestly career as a scholar and professor of theology. But when the nazis sent him to Dachau he underwent a change. His life was now with troubled men rather than with books. He became oblivious to nearly everything except God and the needs of the flock he had surrounded himself with. Chief among those he helped were the Jews; they had suffered much. When he was freed, he found himself a well-known clergyman.



Still, he had not been the priest of Dachau with the intention of becoming prominent. He seemed to always fight prominence. He wished only to return to his teaching. But again he was called upon to prove that man can be a scholar and more. Pope Pius appointed him Archbishop of Prague.

The Reds attacked Archbishop Beran incessantly. But he kept emerging bravely, unscathed and strangely more popular than ever. When he made the difficult decision to preach the sermon at the funeral of Eduard Benes, President

**Notre Dame, Ind. Jan. 21, 1956. © 1956 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.*

of Czechoslovakia, in 1948, thus drawing the world's attention to what was happening to the Czechs, the communists were incensed. President Gottwald appointed Dr. Alexei Cepicka to lead the state's campaign against this little fighter for the Church and Czech freedom.

Dr. Cepicka is an interesting personality. Not too many months previous to this he was nothing but a district communist chairman. He used the archbishop as a means to climb to a top position in the communist hierarchy. Cepicka's character is indicated by the fact that he helped send a bomb in a package marked *Perfume* to the popular Czech diplomat, Jan Masaryk. Masaryk did not open the package, fortunately, but still Cepicka was rewarded for this noble action by being made minister of internal trade. Later, marrying into Gottwald's family, and imprisoning the prime, he was made general of the army and minister of defense.

The way that Gottwald and Cepicka attacked the Church shows that Moscow, even with its secret police and tremendous army, was completely unsure of itself. The Reds moved very slowly, and would have retreated if persuaded by the free world. For example, the Czech Reds were afraid to imprison Church dignitaries for several years after the war.

The Catholic press suffered first. One by one, newspapers and magazines were closed down and the

editors arrested. The archbishop could make his views known only through his pastoral letters. His phone and the phones of all bishops were disconnected because "the communications system was overloaded." Their automobiles were confiscated. They were, in effect, palace-locked prisoners.

Still, the archbishop managed to keep his clergy informed by secret couriers. His pastoral letters were memorized upon their arrival, for they were quite often confiscated. Sometimes the priests were sent two letters, one for the police and one for themselves.

On June 11, 1949, the communists set up a front organization called Catholic Action (no connection with the real lay group), took names of priests at random, and "signed them up." Some of the sponsors were known to have died months before their names appeared.

Still, with no serious revolt, the government grew bolder. On June 15, 1949, armed communist police finally invaded the Primate's home. At the same time, at least 150 priests and bishops were arrested in various parts of the country.

Dr. Cepicka knew how to justify this new move. He summoned up the old lie that the archbishop was "plotting with Wall Street and the Vatican to overthrow the Czech government." After he searched the archbishop's palace, he said that "more than sufficient evidence was

obtained to convict him." (The communists never came forward with the "evidence" and never "tried" the archbishop.)

But the people of Prague were not fooled. Unrest grew rapidly. Catholics appeared in front of the archbishop's palace by the hundreds, and taunted the police. They sang patriotic Czech songs and religious hymns. One evening, the crowd almost got out of hand; there was a breathless moment, such as comes before the first blast of a storm. All that averted a riot was the sudden announcement that the archbishop would make a statement.

A nervous quiver, like the shudder that passes over a man going into battle, swept the crowd. The people stood motionless, waiting, every neck stretched and every eye turned in the direction of his door. The police were very quiet. Then, a secretary appeared.

"The archbishop!" the crowd cried. "We want Archbishop Beran!"

"The archbishop wishes you to disperse," the secretary told them, "and avoid bloodshed. He does not see a disturbance as the answer to this. He only asks you to believe him and not what the government will say." Then he announced that the archbishop would speak several days later at the Strahov monastery church.

On the appointed day, more than 3,000 people gathered in the church

and overflowed into the garden outside. The streets were crowded with even more Catholics. Would the archbishop be able to come? Would the Reds dare stop him? The atmosphere was charged with excitement, especially when the crowd learned that the Swedish ambassador had placed his automobile at the archbishop's disposal.

"I hear," the Swedish official wrote, "that his automobile has been taken away. He may use mine whenever he is in need of transportation. I will make other arrangements."

A great roar went up when the ambassador's car appeared. The archbishop, who had obviously aged, smiled warmly. He wore a tall jeweled miter on his head. When he stepped outside the car, still not knowing whether the police would attempt to prevent him from entering the church, monks had to fight to keep the crowd from carrying him in. Even if the police had planned some kind of action they would have been powerless. Prague's abandonment at this moment was complete; women cried with joy and children tossed flowers.

When the archbishop spoke from the pulpit, he again told the faithful not to believe anything the government might say, "I do not know," he went on, "how many more times I will be able to be with you. . . . You will hear all sorts of things on the radio. . . ."

The crowd cried out, "We'll stay with you! They'll never arrest you!"

For a moment after he finished, he stood looking down at the people. Then his lips moved a little and his face went from gray to dead white. He leaned heavily on his staff, and several men rushed to the pulpit to support him. They half carried him to the altar, where he prayed for Czech youth.

A few minutes later, the church was a moving mass of heads as the archbishop made his way to the door. Everyone was trying to speak, to tell him they would remain on guard over his palace. As he proceeded down the aisle, there was something in his face which seemed to transcend the natural man. He kept raising his hand in blessing on the crowd.

As the archbishop returned to his home, he apparently was telling himself the persecution was not a brief malady like a cold or a fever that would soon pass away. He began preparing for the day when no bishop could perform his duties openly. While he was in his palace, he was working hard, laying the foundation for an underground Church.

This was the very thing the communists wished to avoid. They wanted to control the Church and use it to promote their aims. Today, priests are ordained and bishops consecrated secretly all over the little country. The bishops are said to be amazingly young men, strong

and brave. No doubt, the communists have already discovered it does no good to track down and arrest them—for tomorrow, there are others.

On Sunday, June 19, the little archbishop appeared in public for the last time. He celebrated Mass in St. Vitus cathedral, which was only a few hundred feet from the palace. Police were stationed in all the streets leading to the cathedral and large numbers of persons were stopped and told to attend Mass elsewhere. The Reds had planted agents in the congregation and wanted to frighten away as many Catholics as possible.

The archbishop began his sermon with the request that the faithful remain calm. He told them that there were communists among them who would undoubtedly attempt a disturbance. Then he began his attack on the "Catholic Action" front group.

"This un-Catholic and schismatic movement," he began in a quavering voice, "is—"

Immediately, his voice was cut off by shouting and whistles. As the archbishop realized that it was hopeless to continue to speak above the cries of "Traitor" and "Robber," his small, lean figure inclined slightly forward over the railing and he stared at the crowd with disbelief. Then he faced the altar and knelt down. The faithful knelt down, too, and they began to pray loudly.

When the communists refused to

join in, arguments flared throughout the church. The archbishop did not turn his head, but he was visibly exhausted, and seemed to pour his whole soul into his words. In the next instant, someone raised his voice, singing the national anthem. Everyone took it up, including the priests and nuns.

After a few minutes, the archbishop again tried to speak. But his voice lasted only a second. The cathedral had become the scene of angry brawls. The archbishop vainly sought to quell the uproar. Finally, he descended to the aisle, and monks came out from the crowd to clear a path for him.

The crowd surged into the square behind the archbishop, praying and chanting as it moved. From that moment until several days later, Gottwald's steely fingers fumbled

nervously. Czechoslovakia was at the point of revolution. The crowd finally dispersed from the square at the archbishop's request, not battling the jittery police. But Catholics all over the country began to guard their priests 24 hours a day. When the men were off in the factories and fields, the women took over. No arrests were made.

No doubt, it was the strongest anti-communist demonstration that a Kremlin puppet government had ever faced. And it was considerably later before the communists again made an overt move against the primate.

Archbishop Beran was finally removed from his palace in 1951. Catholics never saw him again after that historic Sunday in 1949. For a while it was known where he was held. Today—silence.



Policeman conducting his traffic orchestra.

Ann Etzel

Acting: the ability to make people stop eating popcorn.

E. Carlson

She is on the verge of tears, her favorite perch.

Robert E. Sherwood

Patting a yawn to extinction.

Dorothy Parker

Tired as a star at dawn.

James Zetzel

Sun-splintered street.

Graham Greene

The first diffident drops of rain.

Robert Littell

Plane climbing like a homesick angel.

William H. Kearns, Jr.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Gayelord Hauser

Condensed from the "American Weekly"*

Our Teen-agers Are Starving

*They aren't underfed, but
undernourished*

I AM A nutritionist, not a child-guidance expert. I am not even a parent. But I am the observant uncle of a raft of teen-age nieces and nephews, actual and adopted, whose parents consider them more or less terrible. I do not. I think they are terrific.

However, as a nutritionist, I can tell you one way in which our teen-agers are indeed "terrible." They are terribly hungry. This is as it should be. During the teens, the permanent foundations of bony structure, organic soundness, resistance to disease, nervous stability, and lifelong well (or ill) being are laid.

For teen-agers, good nutrition is, literally, one of the most important things in life. Therefore, when I am asked what to do about them, my answer is, first of all, "Feed 'em."

Will it startle you to learn that right now, when our nation's standard of living is at an all-time high, nearly half our American teen-agers are gravely undernourished? It's true. The news comes fresh from the report of the most thorough investigation of teen-age eating habits



ever undertaken, part of a mass survey of food-health relationships conducted at Pennsylvania State college.

Here is what the investigation disclosed.

Only about one-fourth of the teen-agers were getting enough energy foods (whole-grain flours and cereals, "natural" sugar from fresh fruits and vegetables) to run the body efficiently.

Nearly half failed to get enough protein foods (meat, fish, cheese, eggs, milk) for building and repairing of body tissues.

There was shortage of essential minerals: calcium and phosphorus (found in dairy products, eggs, peas, beans), needed for good teeth

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Dec. 18, 1955. © 1955 by Hearst Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

and bones; and iron (found in liver, eggs, molasses, fruits, vegetables), needed for good red blood.

Diets were short in fats such as butter, margarine, cooking fats, and oils, needed for growth, resistance to fatigue, good complexions.

Serious shortages were revealed in B vitamins (found in milk, whole-grain flours, and cereals), related to satisfactory growth and nervous stability; in vitamin C (found in citrus fruits and vegetable juices), important to health of gums and healing of injuries; in vitamin A (found in fish-liver oils, butter, cream, milk), essential to proper growth, clear skin, good vision.

These are shocking facts. But, of course, you tell yourself, they have no relation to your family. *Your* teen-agers are well fed.

Don't be too sure. A well-fed youngster is not necessarily well nourished. The truth is that wherever you are, wherever you live, whatever your income, there is a 50-50 chance that your teen-agers are undernourished. Here's why. First, irregular and unbalanced meals at home. Second, haphazard between-meals snacking inside and outside the home. Last and by no means least, the bad example set by parents.

What's to be done? Let me tell you about my Noble Experiment. I call it that because I originated it for my good friends, the Nobles.

Tom Noble is a businessman; Kathy is a radio and television ac-

tress whose professional name you'd recognize. Their four teen-agers are among my favorite adopted nieces and nephews. But they were problem children. Tom, Jr., 17, who had always been a brilliant student, was failing his senior high-school courses and had lost interest in going to college. Daughter Kathy, 16 and a charmer, had lost interest in boys. She had turned into a self-righteous, bespectacled bookworm. Handsome 14-year-old Andy had become a "fat boy," awkward and unsocial, steeped in comic books and television. Ruth, 13, was unruly, disobedient, rebellious—a terror.

Here was a fine chance to test my theory.

1. "Feed 'em." I suggested casually, "Let's figure out an eating-for-fun program for every member of the Noble family. Then let's get every member of the family to agree to follow the program faithfully for one month."

I had three things in mind. First, I know teen-agers are independent. No use making rules. No use coaxing, "Eat it—it's good for you." The only way to get the four young Nobles to eat well was to make a game of it.

2. I know that teen-agers are chiefly interested in fun. I believed that if these four were helped to discover the relation between the food they ate and the way they looked and felt (that is, the fun they got out of life) their own nat-

ural desire to be as attractive as possible would do the rest.

3. Tom and Kathy Noble were a mighty poor example for their brood. Kathy was one of those misguided weight watchers who thought the way to keep her figure was to follow every new diet fad that came along, often omitting essential foods. Tom, an habitual overeater, jeered at her everlasting melba toast and grapefruit and dismissed all raw vegetables as "rabbit food."

The whole family voted in favor of my Noble Experiment, and I drew up individual eating programs. The programs for the four youngsters were based on new and authoritative research findings on teenage nutritional needs, with variations according to age and sex. They appear in the menus that follow. What they can do for you and your family—and this was evident in the Noble family long before their first month was up—is better health, better complexions, glossier hair, clearer eyes, increased energy and well-being.

Tom, Jr.'s marks improved; he showed increased ability and purpose. Daughter Kathy found that she could get A's and have time and energy to spare for dates, dances, and the fun of being 16. Andy was losing excess pounds, developing interest in sports, gaining self-confidence. As for Ruth, she confessed, after a few weeks of eating-for-fun had caused noticeable improvement in her appearance,

that she'd become a problem child because she'd thought her parents didn't love her because she had pimples!

One final point. Kids need protein, vitamins, minerals? Certainly. But for all-around development, not only the growing body, but also the growing emotions and growing mind must be fed.

Our teen-agers may eat all the good proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals, and vitamins in creation and still go hungry for lack of the most essential nutrient of all, vitamin X, better known as love. Furthermore, vitamin X, indispensable though it is, can have a two-way action. Enough of it means sturdy emotional and mental growth; too much can work the other way and create emotional and mental overdependence.

It seems to me, therefore, that the full answer to, "What are we to do about our terrible teen-agers?" is this: "Feed 'em. Love 'em. And leave 'em be."

If we give our teen-agers the well-balanced meals and the well-balanced love they need for physical and emotional growth, we have equipped them for freedom. They can have all the independence they crave and they'll thrive on it.

FOOTNOTES TO EATING-FOR-FUN

Fortified milk drinks. These are ideal for getting extra amounts of milk protein into fussy teen-agers' meals. Just add one cup of instant

powdered skim milk to a quart of fresh milk, and shake. This combination makes a delicious and creamy drink which youngsters enjoy, and in combining dried skim milk with fresh milk you actually double the amount of milk protein. For extra flavor and variety you can add two or three tablespoonfuls of any of the following flavors: golden honey, real licorice, chocolate.

Yogurt. This food contains all the nourishment of milk and is an excellent source of easily digested high-quality protein, plus calcium and riboflavin. But, best of all, it is an appetizing food, and many youngsters who do not like to drink their milk may like to eat yogurt.

High-protein low-fat cottage cheese. This new special type cottage cheese is another made-to-order food for the teen-agers. It is delicious and nutritious, and can be used in hundreds of ways. It is inexpensive enough to be used daily, especially where youngsters do not drink sufficient milk or where there is a tendency to overweight.

Fortified potatoes. Cook potatoes in jackets until water is absorbed. Peel and sprinkle one or two tablespoons of dry skim-milk powder over potatoes. Mash, mix, and add enough fresh milk to make mixture creamy and smooth.

Tenderized liver. Many youngsters who have formerly refused to eat liver actually enjoy it when it is cooked this way. Buy inexpen-

sive liver (beef or lamb) and cut it in thin, noodle-like strips; sprinkle with tenderizer and let stand for 20 minutes. Melt butter or margarine in heavy skillet and let liver strips turn to a golden brown. Serve with fried onions or apple slices.

Here are some eating-for-fun menus which the Nobles enjoy.

ANDY NOBLE

(and any boy 13 to 15)

Breakfast

Glass of orange juice
2 slices whole-wheat French toast
Butter-honey-molasses
Large glass hot or cold milk

Lunch

High-protein salad:
Half cup of high-protein
low-fat cottage cheese
with 2 slices pineapple on lettuce
French dressing
2 slices buttered whole-wheat bread
Milk drink

Dinner

Salad Bowl
Liver and Onions
Fortified mashed potatoes
Green beans
Stewed apricots
Oatmeal cookies
Milk

Bedtime snack

Banana and glass of milk

TOM NOBLE, JR.

(and any boy 16 to 20)

Breakfast

Grapefruit

Scrambled eggs
1 strip bacon
2 slices fortified toast
Butter—honey
Large glass hot or cold milk

Lunch

Large hamburger on whole-wheat
bun

Celery or carrot sticks
Sliced pineapple
Milk drink

Dinner

Vegetable soup
Baked beans
4 slices bacon
Beet greens or spinach
Brown bread
Lemon sherbet
Milk

Bedtime snack

Yogurt
with slice of whole-wheat bread

RUTH NOBLE

(and any girl 13 to 15)

Breakfast

Pineapple juice
Whole-wheat cereal, with
milk and honey
2 slices high-protein bread
Butter—marmalade
Large glass hot or cold milk

Lunch

Eggs a la mode:
2 poached eggs on 2 slices high-
protein toast topped with half cup
of stewed tomatoes
Sliced banana with honey
Milk drink

Dinner

Cole slaw with cream dressing
Meat loaf
Cauliflower
Baked potato
Fresh or stewed fruit
Milk

Bedtime snack

Fresh or stewed pear with
3 tablesp. cottage cheese

KATHY NOBLE, JR.

(and any girl 16 to 20)

Breakfast

Tomato juice
2 poached eggs
2 slices rye-bread toast
with high-protein cottage cheese
Large glass hot or cold milk

Lunch

Salmon salad:
Half cup salmon
sprinkled with lemon
and oil on lettuce
2 slices rye bread with
butter or margarine
Fresh or stewed fruit
Milk drink

Dinner

Sliced tomato salad
Roquefort dressing
Tenderized round steak
and onions
Potatoes cooked in jackets
Broccoli
Custard with fruit
Milk
Bedtime snack
Cup of hot milk with
tablesp. of molasses

By Roger Bannister
Condensed from "The Four Minute Mile"^{*}

Mile of the Century

*The only two men in the world who
had run a mile in less than
four minutes run it off*

I HELD THE world record for the mile only 46 days. Australia's John Landy set a new record on June 22, 1954, in Turku, Finland, running against the man who had paced my record mile at Oxford, my friend Chris Chataway.

Landy was believed to have no finishing burst. Chris had gone to Finland hoping to beat him by hanging on and sprinting past him in the final straight.

Landy led after the first lap. Glancing behind him at the bell, he saw Chris on his heels and took fright as he had never done during his solo runs. Almost for the first time, under the stimulus of real competition, he unleashed a tremendous finish, which at last brought him below four minutes. He set up a magnificent new world record of 3 min. 58 sec.

I heard the announcement on the radio. For a few minutes I was stunned. The margin of 1.4 sec. by which he had broken my record was even greater than I feared.



Until this shock, I was easing off my training and had no incentive to run. The moment I heard the news my whole attitude changed. In six weeks, Landy and I were to race against each other in the Empire Games in Vancouver, British Columbia. My four-minute mile, however final and perfect it had once seemed, now meant nothing unless I could defeat John Landy at Vancouver.

My plans were extremely simple. I would force Landy to set the pace of a four-minute mile for me. I would reserve my effort of will power for the moment when I would fling myself past him near the finish. Until then I would be entirely passive, thinking of nothing else throughout the whole race.

^{*}© 1955 by Roger Bannister, and reprinted with permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., 432 4th Ave., New York City, 252 pp. \$3.50.

I didn't underestimate John Landy. He was the greatest miler in the world, both in consistency of performances and in the running times he had marked up. But if my mental approach was correct, I could beat him. I might win only by inches, but somehow I would win.

The glare of publicity over the Empire Games mile was harsher than ever after we reached Vancouver. Landy and I were the only two runners to have broken the four-minute mile, and we were both at the peak of our training. There had never been a race like this. For some weeks, journalists had been comparing our chest measurements as if we were prize fighters, and trying to find out what toothpaste we used.

There were eight finalists. Apart from John Landy, who was 4 to 1 favorite, the next best runner was thought to be Murray Halberg, a young New Zealander. He had run a 4 min. 4 sec. mile at the age of 19, but was not yet very experienced in this class of competition.

There were rumors that Murray Halberg might set the pace for Landy for a couple of laps, but I did not take them seriously. I thought that Landy himself would try to run me off my feet.

I had to consider how great a lead I could allow Landy to establish. There were times when he had misjudged the pace and run a first lap in 56 seconds. If he were to do

this and I could keep back to 59 seconds, he would play into my hands. By running evenly, I might have a greater reserve left at the finish.

On the day of the final, Saturday, Aug. 7, the stadium was filled with one of the most enthusiastic crowds I have ever seen. The setting was perfect. The newly built stadium lay there in the sunshine, its flags silhouetted against the mountains.

We lined up for the start. Landy was on the inside. The gun fired, and Baillie of New Zealand went straight into the lead. I stayed some yards back at Landy's shoulder until he took over the lead at the 220-yard mark. Gradually he drew away, and I lay second at the end of the first lap in 59.2 sec. Landy's pace was too fast for me (58.2 sec.), and I allowed a gap of seven yards to open up. In the second lap this lead increased at one time to 15 yards. I completed the half mile in 1 min. 59 seconds, so I was within a four-minute-mile schedule!

But by now I had almost lost contact with Landy. I no longer had the advantage of being pulled along by him. The field had split. Landy was out in front on his own and I was leading the rest, ten yards farther back. I felt complete detachment, and I remember saying to myself at the half mile: "Only two minutes more." The stage was set for relaxed running until my final burst.

My speed was now the same as Landy's. The only problem was that Landy was a long way in front and looked likely to stay there. I was on schedule, but he was not slowing down as I had expected. This was the moment when my confidence wavered. Was he going to break the world record again?

To have any finish left, I must be able to follow at his shoulder throughout the early part of the last lap. How could I close the gap before the bell? If I were to stand any chance of winning, I must reach his shoulder before then. I must abandon my own time schedule and run to his. This was the turning point of the race.

I quickened my stride, trying at the same time to keep relaxed. I won back the first yard, then each succeeding yard, until his lead was halved by the time we reached the back straight on the third lap. How I wished I had never allowed him to establish such a lead!

I had now "connected" myself to Landy again, though he was still five yards ahead. I was almost hypnotized by his easy shuffling stride, the most clipped and economical I have ever seen. I tried to imagine myself attached to him by some invisible cord. With each stride, I drew the cord tighter and reduced his lead. At the $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile, when the bell rang, I was at Landy's shoulder. The rest of the field were 20 yards back and I was so absorbed by the man-to-man struggle that I

heard no lap time. The real battle was beginning. The two of us were running alone now with all eyes upon us.

The third lap had tired me—my time was 59.6 seconds. This was the lap when a runner expects to slow down a little to gather momentum for the finish, but I had been toiling hard to win back those painful yards. I fixed myself to Landy like a shadow.

He must have known I was at his heels; he began to quicken his stride as soon as we turned into the last back straight. It was incredible that in a race run at this speed he should start a finishing burst 300 yards from the tape. Three weeks before in England I had actually considered whether I might overtake him at the 220-yard mark! Now it was all I could do to hold him.

If Landy did not slacken soon I would be finished. As we entered the last bend, I tried to convince myself that he was tiring. With each stride now I attempted to husband a little strength for the moment at the end of the bend, when I had decided to pounce.

Just before the end of the last bend I flung myself past Landy. As I did so I saw him glance inwards over his opposite shoulder. This tiny act of his gave me confidence. He had already made his great effort along the back straight. All around the bend he had been unable to hear me behind him; the

noise of the crowd was too great. He must have hoped desperately that I had fallen back. Then he began to worry.

His last chance to look around came at the end of the bend. Here he could see with only half a turn of the head. He knew that to challenge now I must run extra distance, and therefore he did not expect it.

The very moment that he looked around, he was unprotected against me and so lost a valuable fraction

of a second in his response to my challenge. It was my tremendous luck that these two happenings, his turning round and my final spurt, came absolutely simultaneously.

In two strides I was past him, with 70 yards to go, but I could not accelerate further. Though I was slowing all the time, I just managed to reach the tape, winning by five yards in 3 min. 58.8 sec. Once again, the four-minute mile had been broken, this time by both of us in the same race.



the Open Door

GRANDPA WASN'T jealous. He did not object to grandma's practicing her faith, nor to her taking the three boys to Mass, but he could not see why she had to dress in her finest and go to early Mass alone every Sunday.

One Easter morning, grandma looked beautiful in a new outfit. "Wait, Rose, I'll drive you to town. Too bad for you to walk in those clothes."

Grandpa went to Mass every Sunday after that, took instructions, and became a good Catholic. "I couldn't stand her going out all dolled up and without me," he confided to his priest son years later. A Sister of Charity.

LAST EASTER Sunday, one of our non-Catholic neighbors was very ill.

Her husband phoned us, asking me to take their boys to church with us. The children behaved beautifully.

Later on in the day, their father phoned again, thanking us, and asking what kind of a game was *Dominus Vobiscum*. "The boys have been playing it ever since they came home from church. They are using a coffee strainer attached to a bamboo pole. Each time one says '*Dominus Vobiscum*,' the others throw a penny into the strainer. Our problem is, who won?"

I invited the family to come to church with us the following Sunday, to figure it out for themselves. They came, and are still coming. They were baptized, and the children will make their First Communion this year.

Mrs. Florence Jasica.

By Gorman Hogan
Condensed from the "Oregonian"
and the Associated Press*

Little Mike Gets a Daddy

*Portland men sacrifice sports to
spend time with the orphans*

MIKE, LIKE every normal five-year-old boy, had, up to a few months ago, a desperate need for a daddy. He's got a daddy now because an understanding woman recruited a group of men who opened their hearts and arms to some 50 youngsters at Our Lady of Providence nursery in Portland, Ore.

True, Mike's is only a part-time daddy, and the lively towhead has to share him with five to ten other kids. Still, he's tickled pink with the arrangement. So are the others.

So, too, are the part-time fathers who spend one hour twice a week doing what good dads do the world over. Between 7 and 8 P.M. on Tuesdays and Thursdays they romp with the children, read to them, play games with them, and just plain cuddle them. Finally, they help tuck the happy youngsters into their beds and give them a last kiss, amid shouts of "Good night, daddy."

Operation Daddy, as Mrs. William Newton, Jr., calls it, began as she realized one day what a stir a



man caused when one, on a rare occasion, showed up in the nursery. The youngsters, many of them abandoned by their fathers, were awestruck. Interested as long as the man kept his distance, the children would shy off at his approach. Mrs. Newton, a striking 55-year-old grandmother, had heard of cases, too, in which children adopted from the nursery accepted their new dads with some reluctance. "All the grown-ups they knew were women," she said.

For years, women have been volunteering help to the Sisters of Charity of Providence, who operate the nursery. The place, always full, accommodates 96 children. Dozens of women contribute one day a week to play with the children, take them on excursions to the zoo and

*Portland, Ore. Jan. 15, 1956. © 1956 by the "Oregonian" and the A.P., and reprinted with permission.

the country, and help the Sisters and paid women employees to feed and bathe them.

Other women, members of Our Lady of Providence guild, make clothing for the children. Thus, each gets a complete wardrobe, to be taken with him when leaving.

Women volunteers help out on both floors of the nursery. Upstairs, the babies under 18 months spend a happy infancy under the watchful and loving eye of Sister Dolores, floor supervisor.

If children are still in the nursery when they reach 18 months (most of those eligible are adopted long before that time) they are moved to the 1st floor. There they come under the supervision of Sister Francella, a small, bright-eyed nun whose aim is to see that the children, through love and happiness, are reassured that the world is a pretty good place, after all.

Under a unit arrangement, eight to ten boys and girls of varying ages live together and eat together. Brothers and sisters are always kept together. The same volunteer mother and staff members look after the same children. And, as far as possible, the same daddies play with them on each visit.

This plan, says Sister Francella, is designed to give the children a feeling of family security. The arrangement also inspires the older children to help the little ones.

Children of all races, colors, and creeds come to the nursery, a mem-

ber of the United Fund and Oregon Chest. Many babies are those of unwed mothers, left for adoption. Some older children from broken homes are committed by the courts, others are placed in the nursery on a voluntary basis because of family sickness or financial difficulties.

They may stay until they are five years old, but few do. If not eligible for adoption, they go to foster homes or are ultimately reunited with one or both parents.

Like the children, the part-time dads are drawn from many nationalities and religions. Mrs. Newton is hoping for an even wider response.

To understand the joys of twice-a-week fatherhood you need only talk to the big-hearted fellows already on the job. There's Al Hartung, a 56-year-old machinist, who found that once he got started he "just couldn't let those kids down." A friend disclosed that Hartung gave up his weekly bowling session so he could be a dad.

"They give me a pretty good workout," he said as he trotted around the room giving a three-year-old a piggy-back ride. "Raised five of my own, and this sure brings back some good memories."

Another old hand with kids is Art Denfeld, 64, a retired ice-cream-parlor operator, who has 25 grandchildren. "I've got enough grandkids to start a place like this myself," Denfeld said, "but I still get a big wallop out of coming here."

W. A. Livingston is a middle-aged banker, who has no children of his own. A friend told him about the nursery and he hasn't missed a week since. "It does something for me and I hope it does something for the youngsters," he said.

Dick Mitchell, 27, an unmarried salesman, is there finding out what he can expect when he gets a family of his own. It was the children's reaction to Mitchell, a friend of the Newton family, which prompted Mrs. Newton to get the program going. As chauffeur for Mrs. Newton, Mitchell used to put in a solitary appearance at the nursery on occasion.

"Since then there's been a big change in the children," he said as

a half dozen little girls swarmed over and around him. "They're not shy any more."

An attorney, a tractor-company owner, a die caster, a painter, and a half dozen University of Portland students were all busy being daddies, too, rolling on the floor, playing horse, and passing out goodies.

And the youngsters? Mike was so taken with his new-found dad he telephoned to remind him to be sure to come that night. Dad couldn't make it—had to work, Mike was told.

Mike, in his innocence of the work-a-day world, replied, "Tell the man (the boss) you've got to come."

Black-haired Julia summed it up in three words: "I love daddies."

In Our Parish

In our parish I stopped at church one afternoon to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. My boy friend and I had just begun going steady and I wanted to ask God's blessing on us both.

I prayed for a minute and then I went to the altar of our Blessed Mother to light a votive candle. A book of matches was lying on the candle stand. On its cover was a message I had seen many times before, but never in so appropriate a place. It read, "Thank you. Call again."

Celeste Mizukami.

In our parish a friend of mine stopped outside church after Mass to chat with a neighbor. Suddenly she realized that she was missing something; she had left her purse in the pew.

She went back to look for the purse, and found the priest holding it. "I thought I should watch it," Father explained. "You know, some people might have thought it was an answer to a prayer."

Charles V. Mathis.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

By Dr. Joost Meerloo
*Condensed from "The Rape of the Mind"**

Menticide Is the Ultimate Weapon

Anyone can fall victim to this worst form of warfare



Something fantastic is happening in our world. In some countries a man is no longer punished only for crimes he has committed. Today he may be compelled to confess to sins thought up by his judges. It is not enough for us to damn as evil those who sit in judgment. We must understand what impels these false admissions of guilt. We must take another look at the human mind in all its frailty.

DURING THE Korean war, Col. Frank H. Schwable, an officer of the U. S. Marine Corps, was taken prisoner by the Chinese communists. After months of intense psychological pressure and physical degradation, he signed a "confession" that the U.S. was carrying on bacteriological warfare against the enemy. It was tremendously valuable propaganda for the communists. After he got back to the U.S., Schwable issued a sworn statement

repudiating his confession and describing his long imprisonment. Later, he was brought before a military court of inquiry.

He testified in his own defense: "I was never convinced in my own mind that we in the 1st Marine Air Wing had used bug warfare. I knew we hadn't, but the rest of it was real to me—the conferences, the planes, and how they would go about their missions.

"The words were mine," the colonel continued, "but the thoughts were theirs. That is the hardest thing I have to explain: how a man can sit down and write something he knows is false, and yet, to sense it, to feel it, to make it seem real."

Here is how Dr. Charles W. Mayo, a leading American psychiatrist, explained it, in an official statement before the United Nations.

*A forthcoming book. © 1956 by the World Publishing Co., 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio. This article based on an excerpt published in "Maclean's" magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada, April 2, 1955. Reprinted with permission.

"The tortures used, although they include many brutal physical injuries, are not like the old-fashioned tortures of the rack and the thumbscrew. They are subtler. They are calculated to disintegrate the mind of an intelligent victim to a point where he will not simply cry out 'I did it!' but will become a seemingly willing accomplice to the complete destruction of his integrity and the production of an elaborate fiction."

The Schwable case is only one example of a defenseless prisoner being compelled to tell a big lie. If we are to survive as free men, we must face up to this problem of politically inspired mental coercion.

About 20 years ago psychologists first began to suspect that the human mind can fall prey to dictatorial powers. In 1933, the German Parliament building was burned. The nazis arrested a Dutchman, Marinus Van der Lubbe, and browbeat him into confessing the crime.

We now recognize his capitulation as a peculiar combination of behavior forms which I call a "confession syndrome." In 1933, this type of behavior was unknown to psychiatrists. Unfortunately, it is only too familiar today, and is frequently met in cases of extreme mental coercion.

After Van der Lubbe was executed the world began to realize that he had merely been a scapegoat. The nazis themselves had staged both the crime and the trial

so that they could take over Germany. Still later, we realized that Van der Lubbe was the victim of a diabolically clever misuse of medical and psychiatric knowledge.

Those who, like me, lived in the nazi-occupied countries during the 2nd World War learned to understand only too well how people could be forced into false confessions. As a matter of fact, I myself conducted some experiments on friends to determine whether narcotics would harden us against pain. The result was paradoxical. Narcotics do create insensitivity to pain, but at the same time they make people more vulnerable to mental pressure. But even at that time we knew, as did the nazis, that it was not the direct physical pain that broke people and caused them to talk. It was the continuous humiliation and mental torture they were forced to undergo.

What we call *brainwashing* (a word derived from the Chinese) or *menticide* (a word coined by me and derived from *mens*, the mind, and *caedere*, to kill) is a perverted refinement of the rack. It is a thousand times worse and a thousand times more useful to the inquisitor.

Menticide is a new crime against the human mind and spirit. It is a systematic method of controlling the minds and bodies of human beings to make them slaves.

Through court procedures (at which the victim mechanically reels off an inner record which has been

prepared by his inquisitors during a preceding period) public opinion is thrown off guard. "A real traitor has been punished," people think. "The man has confessed!"

One important result of this procedure is the great confusion it creates in the mind of every observer, friend or foe. After a time, no one knows how to distinguish truth from falsehood.

In the cases of both Cardinal Mindszenty and Col. Schwable we have documented reports of the techniques of menticide as it has been used to break the minds and wills of courageous men.

In his exposé of Cardinal Mindszenty's imprisonment, Stephen M. Swift graphically describes three typical phases in the psychological "processing" of political prisoners. The first phase is directed toward extorting confession. The victim is bombarded with questions day and night. He is inadequately and irregularly fed. He is allowed almost no rest, and remains in the interrogation chambers for hours on end while his inquisitors take turns at him. Hungry, exhausted, his eyes blurred and aching under unshaded lamps, the prisoner becomes little more than a hounded animal.

Swift reported, "When the cardinal had been standing for 66 hours, he closed his eyes and remained silent. He did not even reply to questions with denials. The colonel in charge of the shift tapped the cardinal's shoulder and asked why he

The Author

DR. JOOST MEERLOO learned about brainwashing when he was arrested by the nazis in his native Holland during the 2nd World War. He is now a professor of psychiatry at Columbia university in New York City. He was called as an expert witness in the trial of Colonel Schwable; and it was largely through his testimony that the colonel was cleared of the charge of aiding the enemy in Korea.

did not respond. The cardinal answered, "End it all. Kill me! I am ready to die!" He was told that no harm would come to him; that he could end it all simply by answering certain questions."

The victim thus is pursued by the unsteadiness of his own mind, which cannot always produce the same answer to a repeated question. As a human being with a conscience he is pursued by false guilt feelings that undermine his rational awareness of innocence. As a social being, he is pursued by the need for companionship.

The constantly repeated suggestion of his guilt urges him towards confession. As a suffering individual, he is tormented by an inner need to be left alone and undisturbed, if only for a few minutes. From within and without he is in-

exorably driven towards signing the confession prepared by his persecutors. Why should he resist any longer? There are no witnesses to his heroism. He cannot prove his moral right after his death. He is utterly alone.

If the prisoner's mind proves too resistant, narcotics are given to confuse it; if his body collapses before his mind capitulates, he receives stimulants. Many of the narcotics and stimuli that ultimately help to induce confession also create a forgetfulness of the torture itself. The torture achieves the desired effect, but the victim forgets what has actually happened during the interrogation period.

Next, the victim is trained to accept his own confession, much as an animal is trained to perform tricks. False admissions are reread, repeated, hammered into his brain. He is forced to reproduce fancied offenses, fictitious details, which ultimately convince him of his "crimes." In the first stage, he is hypnotized by others. In the second stage, he has entered a state of auto-hypnosis, convincing himself of fabricated crimes.

In the third and final phase of menticide, the victim, now completely conditioned and accepting his own guilt, is trained to bear false witness against himself and others. He is prepared for trial, softened completely; he becomes remorseful and willing to be sentenced. The core of the strategy of

menticide is the taking away of all hope, all anticipation, all belief in the future. It destroys the very elements that keep the mind alive.

The Schwable case reminds one of the Mindszenty story. A U.S. officer is taken prisoner. He expects to be protected by international regulations regarding prisoners, accepted by all countries. However, it slowly dawns on him that the enemy looks on him not as a prisoner but as a hostage for propaganda purposes.

Slow but constant pressures are devised to break him down mentally. Humiliation, inhuman treatment, degradation, intimidation, hunger, exposure to extreme cold—all are used to crumble his will. He feels completely alone. He is surrounded by filth and vermin. For hours on end, he has to stand up and answer the questions his interrogators hurl at him. He develops arthritic backache and diarrhea. He is not allowed to wash or shave. He doesn't know what will happen to him next.

This treatment goes on for weeks. Then the hours of interrogation and oppression increase. He no longer dares to trust his own memory. New teams of investigators point out his increasing errors and mistakes. He cannot sleep any more. His interrogators tell him they have plenty of time, and he realizes that in this respect at least they are telling the truth. He begins to doubt whether he can resist them. If he will just

unburden himself of his guilt, they tell him, he will be better treated.

The inquisitor then becomes treacherously kind; he states exactly what he's after. He desires a well-documented confession that the U.S. used bacteriological warfare, that the captive himself took part in such germ warfare.

China is plagued by hunger and epidemics; such a confession will explain the high disease rate and exculpate the Chinese government, whose popularity is at a low ebb. So Schwable has to be prepared for a systematic confession, made before an international group of communist experts. Mentally and physically, he is weakened, and every day the communist "truths" are imprinted on his mind. It is a well-known scientific fact that the passive memory often remembers facts learned under hypnosis better than those learned in a state of alert consciousness.

Schwable has in fact become hypnotized; he is now able to reproduce for his jailers bits and pieces of the confession they want from him. He is even able to write some of it down. Eventually, all the little pieces form part of a document that was in fact prepared beforehand by his captors. This document is placed in Schwable's hands and he is even allowed to make some minor changes in the phrasing before he signs it.

A man will often try to hold out beyond the limits of his endurance

because he continues to believe that his tormentors have some basic morality. But that is a delusion. The only way to strengthen one's defenses against an organized attack on the mind and will is to understand what the enemy is trying to do.

Of course, one can vow to hold out until death. But even the relief of death is in the hands of the inquisitor. People can be brought to the threshold of death and then be stimulated into life again.

Nobody can resist such treatment forever. Each man has his own limit of endurance, but that this limit can be reached and even surpassed is a nearly universal certainty. Time, fear, and continual pressure are known to create a menticidal hypnosis. But fortunately, this, too, is known: as soon as the victim returns to normal circumstances, the hypnotic spell will disappear, and he will awake into reality.

This is what happened to Colonel Schwable. True, he confessed to crimes he did not commit, but he repudiated his confession as soon as he was returned to a familiar environment. When I was called upon to testify in the Schwable case, I told the military court of my deep conviction that anybody subjected to the treatment meted out to the colonel could be forced to write and sign a similar confession.

"Anyone in this room; for instance?" the colonel's attorney asked me, looking in turn at each of the

officers sitting in judgment on this new and difficult case.

And in good conscience I could reply, "Anyone in this room."

The Schwable case and that of other prisoners of war are tragic enough in themselves, and made even more tragic by our lack of understanding of the limits of heroism. We are just beginning to understand what these limits are, and how they are used, both politically and psychologically, by the totalitarians.

Psychiatric examination of returned POW's from Korea has shown that husky athletes could not withstand psychological pressure any better than other soldiers. Neither could the exceptionally intelligent men. Unfortunately, a high intellect may merely provide useful rationalizations for surrender. Mental backbone sits deeper than the intellect, and is becoming increasingly rare in a world of changing values and little faith. Men with no strong principles, who depend on others for approval and support, fall easy prey to menticide. The man with the strong will, with strong precepts and religious faith, will be less vulnerable.

Personal courage can turn the tide of battle in a hand-to-hand encounter. But it is no defense against bombs and machine guns. Today, reckless courage, as we have glorified it, is less important than personal morale, faith, conviction, knowledge, and adequate preparation.

Consider an actual case. A boy of 17 is drafted. He has spent his entire life in a small town. He receives training in the routine of army life and the use of his weapons. Soon thereafter he is sent to Korea, and almost immediately he is taken prisoner. Now this child has to defend himself against the propaganda barrage which well-trained communist theoreticians daily hurl at him. His education is limited, his background narrow, his political training inadequate. He tries to escape from his prison camp and is caught. The enemy's hold on him increases. He begins to feel utterly trapped. How can a military court hold him responsible for the fact that he finally gave in to enemy propaganda?

Yet this is the true story of a U.S. army corporal recently sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment for collaboration with the enemy. It could have been the story of almost any American boy, given the same circumstances.

We badly need a better understanding of mental manipulation in all its aspects, especially of its most extreme form, menticide, and of the many ways in which human dignity can be made to disintegrate. The mind of modern man, no matter where he lives, is subjected to a constant verbal assault and to more subtle psychological influences. We must learn how to recognize such subtle forms of suggestion if we are to protect our integrity and our freedom.

How to Pinch-Hit for Your Wife

Here's your chance to show that the household can be run as efficiently as your business

THERE COMES a time in the life of every family when mother, in defiance of the best traditions of her service, actually gets sick or goes off on a visit. What then? The second-string quarterback is hustled into the breach. Daddy gets to stay home from work and Take Over for mom.

No smart husband shrinks from this duty. He seizes it as an opportunity. Doesn't every husband know how inefficiently his household is run? This is his chance to demonstrate.

Don't let such a chance slip through your fingers. Here is how to adapt your natural aptitude for efficient management to the home.

You will, naturally, operate on a simple, well-planned schedule, as you have so often urged your wife to do. You must not, however, make the mistake of basing a plan on what you expect the day to be like; you must base it on what experience shows the day will be like. Before drawing up your schedule, therefore, confer with your wife, just as in a business situation you would confer with associates who



have essential operating details at their fingertips.

Take an example of the right and the wrong method. Assume a home with average equipment and a juvenile population of three—two school-age and one preschool. A man who failed to assemble data might map his morning thus.

1. Wash, dry, put away dishes.
2. Make beds, clean up house.
3. Do shopping.

That looks very neat and practical. But the truth is that if he relies on a schedule like that, confusion will reign. Instead, he should write himself a workable schedule.

1. Place dishes in hot water.
2. Answer telephone. Convince department-store salesgirl at other

*1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. January, 1956. © 1956 by the Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

end that you do not wish to take advantage of Special Offer (28-pound box of detergent, 50¢ down, 50¢ a week).

3. Let dog out front door.

4. Let preschool child out back door.

5. Readmit preschool child. Remove mittens, overshoes, and snowsuit. Supervise trip to bathroom. Replace snowsuit, overshoes, mittens. Let preschool child out back door.

6. Empty cold soapy water from sink and refill. Wash dishes and leave to drain.

7. Start making beds.

8. Answer telephone. Make notes on fact that baby sitter has flu and can't come Friday night but that Mary Jane probably can if you call her at Edith's between 3:30 and 4.

9. Investigate screams from back yard, and rescue preschool child from overturned tricycle.

10. Search neighborhood for unidentified child matching brown shoe and green sock found on back doorstep.

11. Ransack house for small change for laundryman who can't change a twenty.

12. Let dog in front door.

A solid, realistic schedule like that will let you whip through your day without unexpected interruptions and waste motions.

Your approach to meals should be strictly utilitarian. Fight down the temptation to display your virtuosity with the skillet, your mastery

of the barbecue sauce. Stray no further from the corn-beef-hash-peanut-butter-sandwich axis than is absolutely necessary. Fripperies like balanced meals and unusual recipes are inefficient, leading to such undesirable results as many things to be done at once, pans to be scrubbed, and extra dishes to be washed.

Here is what to put on a breakfast table.

1 pile cereal dishes.

1 pile spoons.

1 box dry cereal (sugar-coated).

1 quart milk.

This is the only sure way of avoiding the breakfast crisis, deadliest foe of the pinch-hitting husband.

Shopping is a simple matter of correct inventory and purchasing procedure. Inventory shouldn't take long. It involves, at most, checking only a dozen cupboards, several drawers and canisters, and a few outposts like the bathroom cabinet.

Plan complete menus for about a week ahead so that you will buy only what is needed. Make efficient use of the stockpile. Now you are ready to draw up a precise shopping list. Menus and list will, of course, be kept flexible—so that in the store you can instantly revise both of them to take advantage of week-end specials and introductory offers, while compensating for the facts that the grapefruit look spotty and eggs have gone up.

Bounce back from the store and correlate the cash-register receipt

with individual purchases. Then it is easy enough to break down expenditures. A vague notation of \$18.23 for groceries is no help, of course.

So you will just have to run subtotals on items such as meat and fish, dairy products, and produce. And don't fail to set off separately items like scouring powder, paper towels, and toothpaste, that are really household supplies, not groceries.

By carrying at all times a notebook and pencil you can easily catch those all-important little cash leaks, jotting down such items as "85¢ dry clnr this wk plus \$1.10 for 1st wk when clning lft nobdy home"; "paper boy \$1.35"; "25¢ pot-hldr old lady at dr."

The children need not give you any trouble. All you have to do is be calm and firm. Wives make things hard for themselves by ignoring this one obvious rule. For example, here are three common incidents that might occur during an average day in the same three-child household.

1. Preschool child is glimpsed

fleetingly on way out of house barefoot, wearing mother's hat, draped in best tablecloth, and trailing heavy fragrance of Arpège (\$26 an ounce).

2. Middle child becomes absorbed in comic book while pouring glass of milk; glass overturns, milk is distributed on floor, child, comic book, and pile of clean laundry.

3. Oldest child invites four friends in for free-style scrimmage and hollering contest.

Granted such disturbances are demanding, you can see that none provides an excuse for losing control. One point might worry you, though. While no single incident will get you down, the series might. After two incidents have been handled properly, will the final one be too much? Don't worry. There won't be a final one. All three will happen at once.

There you have it. With those rules in mind, you'll have the old household humming like a top. When your wife reports back to duty, explain how smoothly everything went and why. Then get back to the office. You'll be as good as new in a couple of weeks.

Responsive, Anyway

THE PERSONNEL manager was a little dubious about the job seeker seated before him. "Now, you realize that we require a very responsible person in this position," he said, eyeing the man intently.

"Then I'm your man," the applicant assured him. "The last couple of places I worked, every time something went wrong, they told me I was responsible."

Precious Blood Messenger (Feb. '56).



THE AMERICAN SCENE

Fifty Years Ago

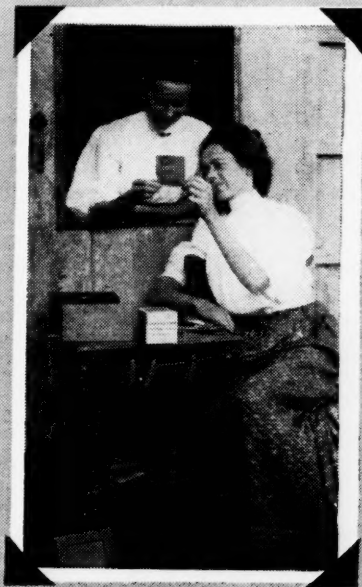
BACK IN 1906, America had not yet fully grown up. Although the Spanish-American war of 1898 had brought us into the international arena, and given us colonial possessions, we were not involved in world affairs as much then as we are now. Vivid memories of the Civil War still lingered. Veterans of that bloody war were still active and figuring prominently in politics. Teddy Roosevelt was in the White House, wielding his "big stick" to the delight of the nation's cartoonists. Though T.R. was attempting to stir up international interest, people were wholly concerned with the American scene, which, in 1906, was very simple, almost pastoral.

Automobiles, cameras, supermarkets, specialty shops, and many other institutions taken for granted today were in their infancy 50 years ago. Horse-drawn vehicles were still the major means of transport. Cameras were bulky boxes with bellows. Posing was quite an ordeal. Candid-camera shots were unheard of. In fact, this series, taken by a Mrs. Bernard, is regarded as being among the first candid-camera pictures ever made in America.



Most merchandise was sold door to door, instead of in specialty shops. This lady is peddling lace.

Daughter showing mother her photographic efforts.



Invention of roll film just after the turn of the century, along with the introduction of the cheap box camera, brought photography to the average family. Before that, when families wanted pictures they had to call in a professional photographer or go to his shop. In those far-off days, a trip to a photographer was almost like a solemn pilgrimage because of the elaborate detail it required.

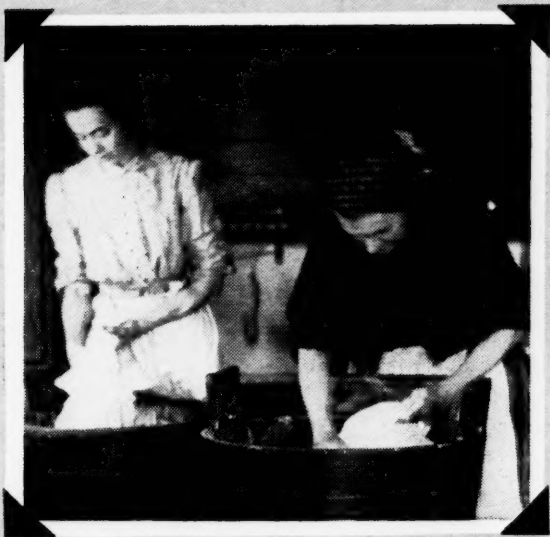
How they worked



*Ma burns the pin
feathers off a chicken.
Daughter prepares the
stuffing.*



*Many citizens had
their hair cut at home
by the family barber.*



Doing the laundry at home without benefit of an electric washer was a regular Monday-morning ritual in every American home.

(Below) No electric lawn mowers for pop nor slacks nor shorts for ma to make work easy in the garden.

Photography by Culver Service, New York, N.Y.



How they played



Snowball fights, building snowmen, "tricks or treats"—all were among yesteryear's pastimes.





Fourth of July then was always a great day for home celebrations. Japanese lanterns were strung and lots of fireworks were popped.

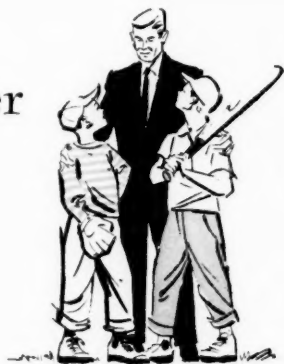


In 1906, the new car was positively a sensation. Neighbors gathered around and friends came to gawk and admire.



Prof Norton: a Man to Remember

*A tough-minded, tenderhearted principal
made respected citizens of sullen misfits*



THE MOTORCYCLE, siren wailing, forced me to the curb. It was after basketball practice, and I was driving John A. Norton home. Norton was principal of Monroe High school in St. Paul, Minn., where I was coach and director of physical education.

The cop stuck his head in the window, and, ignoring me, said to Mr. Norton, "Hi, Prof, I thought I spotted you when you went by." He took a baby picture out of his wallet. "Look at this."

Norton grinned at the picture, and said, "He's a great one, Mike, a great one. Just hope he doesn't grow up to look like you. Tell your wife I asked about her."

With a friendly salute, the officer rode off.

Prof shook his head. "That Mike, he was the worst truant I ever had in my school. For a while I thought he was headed for Alcatraz. But I guess he finally got some sense into him."

St. Paul is blessed today with physicians, public officials, business-

men, teachers, even priests, who, like Mike, "got some sense into them," with Prof Norton's help. Several dozen of those "boys" of his attend a memorial Mass offered for him every year.

By the force of his will and his love, Prof made misfits angry at the world into honorable men. A teacher once sent Prof a boy who'd thrown a book at her. He and the boy talked. Then Norton called in the teacher.

"I want you to help my friend Sammy buy his mother a dress for Mother's day," he said, taking out a \$10 bill he'd previously extracted from one of his physician friends for just such a moment. "Sammy's old man is out of work and his mother's discouraged, and we think a new dress would cheer her up."

Sammy, now a prosperous businessman, has repaid Prof's gift and

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. November, 1955. © 1955 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

understanding a hundredfold in community activities.

Crusty, sentimental, alternately fierce and tender, Prof was, in my opinion, the best teacher who ever jammed learning into reluctant heads. And he was the kind of coach who worried as much about opposing players as about his own.

Once, the captain of a rival team got into a jam with the police just before the big game of the season. It was Prof who got him straightened out, in time to lead his eleven to victory over Prof's own boys.

Prof looked a bit like Barry Fitzgerald. He was five feet nine, with brown eyes and glasses. His hair was a gray ruff around a bald crown. His jaw jutted.

He talked with equal ease to a bishop or a bartender, and his bellow could shake every window in Monroe High. But when he spoke of death and duty in a throbbing voice during the assembly before Memorial day, he brought tears to the eyes of the entire school, teachers and students alike.

Norton never drove a car. He got everyone to chauffeur him. You couldn't always be sure what Prof was up to when he asked you to drive him somewhere. If he suspected you had a problem, he'd call you up and ask for a ride. You thought you were doing him a favor. But he had actually invented the trip as an excuse to listen to your troubles.

Prof knew everything about ev-

erybody. Downtown, it took him half an hour to walk three blocks. He knew and spoke to every passerby, every loiterer, cat, and dog.

You couldn't say No to Prof. Whether he wanted \$5 to buy shoes for a boy who was staying home because he had none, or a job for a boy twice convicted of armed robbery, it was unthinkable to say No. You couldn't for two reasons. He never asked anything for himself. And he himself never said No to the scores who came to him for jobs, for advice, for sympathy, for money, but most of all for help in saving their sons.

Fathers and mothers of boys on probation, in reform schools, in jail or just in trouble, begged Prof, "Please, Mr. Norton, I'm desperate. Do something for my boy. Take him into your school."

Prof would look over his glasses, and growl, "Why should I mess up my school with your boy?" But he'd get him transferred to Monroe High, even though the rules said a boy had to go to school in his own district. Prof believed in boys, not rules. He took care of red tape by ignoring it.

Once Prof had gathered up the boys no one else would have, he willed them into line with a fierce faith in each boy's innate ability to make good.

Prof didn't coddle them. He worked them over with the lash of his tongue, and terrorized their parents. If a boy failed Prof, that was

the end. There was nowhere else to turn.

He once found that a youngster named Clint was stealing students' textbooks and selling them. Prof descended on him at his locker. "Open that door," he roared. Trembling, Clint opened the locker, which was jammed with textbooks. Prof snatched a couple of books, clapped them to either side of Clint's head, and lifted the boy right off the floor.

"You have ten minutes to return every book to its owner," Prof said in a deadly voice. In a second, Clint was streaking through the corridors returning books.

You might think Clint would hate Prof for catching him. But Prof figured rightly that Clint needed money. So, instead of punishing him, he got the boy an after-school job. Then, one day, the ex-book-thief said, "Mr. Norton, I want to be a teacher."

Prof wrote glowing letters to help Clint get into college, and today Clint is teaching and is raising a family.

Prof worked another of his tricks on Tom, a nasty-tempered kid who'd pulled a knife on a policeman. He sent Tom running all over St. Paul delivering empty envelopes marked "Highly Confidential" to the chief probation officer, the police chief, the sheriff.

These officials knew what Prof was up to. They accepted the envelopes and praised Tom for his

speed and trustworthiness. "You must be one of Prof's boys now," the police chief told him. There was no greater honor in St. Paul. Tom, trusted by Prof, learned to trust others. He was never in trouble again.

Looking back, I wonder how Prof found time for everything. He ran a big high school. He was forever rushing to court, to jail, or to police headquarters to comfort or bail out his more obstreperous charges. He was often summoned in the middle of the night to stop a fight or escort a roughneck from the scene of violence. He never missed a sporting event within miles of St. Paul.

He encouraged any number of students to go on to college and the professions. He helped them get scholarships. He got jobs for them. Then, as soon as they were established, he tapped them for jobs for his newest crop of boys.

During the 2nd World War, Norton managed ship launchings for his old friend Robert Butler, a Minnesota industrialist. Summers, he sent his wife and three sons to his camp at Whitefish lake while he toured the state selling textbooks to Catholic schools.

Prof loathed lemonade. When he was stopping at parochial schools and convents on hot summer days, the nuns fed him gallons of the stuff. He was so gracious about it that they assumed that it was his favorite beverage, and would keep refilling his glass.

Norton grew up, one of eight children, in a hard-pressed family in South Boston. His father was the custodian of a pre-Revolutionary-war cemetery. John earned his first money by compiling humorous inscriptions from Yankee tombstones into a booklet which he sold for a quarter.

Somehow, he got through Boston Latin school, then Dartmouth, where he supported himself by waiting on tables and repairing shoes. He intended to study medicine, but his odd-job money wouldn't stretch that far.

He taught at St. Thomas college in St. Paul. There, as one of the few lay teachers among the priests, he acquired his enduring nickname, Prof. He served 11 years as teacher and coach at Mechanic Arts High and 20 years as principal at Monroe.

During the depression, when older, jobless boys were running wild in St. Paul, Prof organized them into football leagues. His street-gang matches were loosely controlled free-for-alls. Once when a team known for its laziness showed unexpected fight, Prof suspiciously sampled the water jug. It was filled

with straight whisky. Prof kicked the jug right between the goal posts.

Later, Prof cajoled \$1,500 from the Community Chest to provide professional leadership for his "floaters."

On a piercingly cold night in January, 1947, Prof made a speech at a PTA meeting. Afterward, he was chilled to the bone waiting for a bus on a windswept corner. The next day he complained of pains in his shoulder. Early the following morning he died, at the age of 62.

Assistant Principal John Gran placed a notice on the bulletin board, announcing Prof's death and closing school for the day. Within 15 minutes, the entire student body filed into St. James' church to pray.

The funeral home was thronged, hour after hour, by mourners. The crowd included judges, priests, ex-convicts, teachers, coaches. When one of Prof's closest friends, Father (now Msgr.) John Dunphy, a burly man with a deep voice, arrived and boomed, "Let us pray," men of all denominations joined in fervently.

Next morning, Prof's funeral procession stretched for two miles through the streets of St. Paul.

No Laughing Matter

A CERTAIN LITTLE girl always made a point of remembering the town drunk each time she said her prayers. Her playmates took to kidding her about it. "Why pray for him?" one of them asked. "He doesn't believe in things like that. If he knew, he'd just laugh at you."

"Maybe he would," the little girl replied softly. "But God won't."

Mrs. John L. Hulsey.

By Leonhard Seppala as told to Emmett Watson
Condensed from "Saga"*

How I Carried the Serum to Nome

A diphtheria epidemic had struck, planes couldn't get through—rescue must come by dog team

MY RACE WITH death through 600 miles of bitter Alaskan cold began on a raw morning in Nome when my wall telephone jangled at 6 A.M. It was M. L. Summers, chairman of the Board of Health: "Sep, it's getting worse. You'll have to go. They can't fly the serum in."

In my mind I already was choosing the 20 Siberian huskies, including my famous lead dog Togo, that I would take from my kennels for this race against death. This was 31 years ago, Jan. 28, 1925, when a diphtheria epidemic was raging in Nome.

Several children had died. Dr. Curtis Welch, surgeon of the Public Health service, and the only doctor

in Nome, was completely out of antitoxin. The outside world knew of Nome's plight, but was helpless. Nome was isolated from October to May every year; and it was virtually impossible to land an airplane anywhere near. It was up to the sledge dogs.

I have been called King of the Alaska Trail, and nicknames like that. But I am short and small for a "king." Nevertheless, I made a record in Alaska dog racing that never was equaled. I won the All-Alaska Sweepstakes three times in succession, a grueling test of men and dogs involving the finest mushers in the world. I tell you these things to explain why I was chosen to bring the serum to Nome.



*205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. February, 1956. © 1956 by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Summers was speaking again. "You will go to Nulato. Another driver will meet you there with the serum." Nulato was 316 miles from Nome, not quite half the distance to Nenana.

The entire dash with the serum would be 658 miles from Nenana to Nome. Nenana lies west of Fairbanks, where the railroad terminated. Dog teams would run the serum from the train at Nenana and in relays to me at Nulato, a large Indian village on the Yukon river. I was to make the return dash to Nome alone.

As Summers spoke, the dogs were making a fearful racket in their kennels. They had begun howling the moment the telephone rang, sensing that they would soon be on the trail. I might be on the trail for perhaps five days, good weather and luck permitting.

My wife helped me pack the sled. "The double parka," my wife said. "It is 30° below."

The double parka was lined inside and out with the soft, warm fur of the ground squirrel. Under the parka went long underwear and a heavy sweater. I wore a pair of wool pants, and outside these, seal-skin pants. My shoes were Eskimo mukluks, fur boots with rawhide soles, which the Eskimos fashion into shape with their teeth.

Along with the food, I packed my sleeping bag. This was as light as I could travel. I planned to drop pairs of dogs off along the way to Nu-

lato, thus insuring fresh huskies on the return dash. Togo, 12 years old at the time, was the greatest trail dog I have ever seen.

Nome lies on the southern side of the Seward peninsula, fronting on Norton sound. Much of my journey would be made over the frozen ice, with a particularly dangerous crossing at an inlet called Norton bay. I would travel in a general easterly direction.

The trip from my home at Little Creek into Nome was four miles. I came through the town, where few residents were on hand to see me leave. The children were not there this morning to yell, "Hi, Sep!" because Nome was locked in fear. Schools had been closed. The Eskimo section was strictly quarantined.

I prayed for good luck, but even more, for good weather and smooth ice. It was cold, but calm, and I made Solomon, 33 miles, the first day. I didn't want to drive my dogs too hard at the beginning.

The route we were traveling was the regular mail route, Fairbanks to Nome, and the trail was marked by saplings along the way, spaced 200 to 300 feet apart. Yet it would be frightfully easy to lose the way in a blizzard, and this is where a dog like Togo is important.

We left the next morning at 7 o'clock. The telephone line ended at Solomon, and I was now beyond any communication with Nome. I stayed inland as much as possible,

staying off the ice of Norton sound. There was a southerly wind blowing across the Bering sea, and this is where real danger lies. The wind blowing toward shore has a tendency to raise the ice, cracking it away from the shore; if the wind suddenly switches, it will blow the ice out to sea.

About 30 miles from Solomon I had to swing out over the dangerous ice. The land route was too rough and hazardous. Luckily, the ice was smooth, free of spears that grow up as a result of freezing when the ocean is moving.

I had no way of knowing how cold it was, but it was bitter. We covered about 45 miles that second day before stopping to rest at Golovin, a trading station of about 75 people, mostly Eskimos.

The third day was cloudy, the wind was still from the south. My destination was Isaac's Point, 53 miles away on the east shore of Norton bay in the Kwiniuk Indian reservation. Early that morning, I came across the Elim Mission school-house.

The trail was good and I stayed on land almost all that day. The dogs were holding up well, especially Togo, who seemed to sense the urgency of our mission.

In the late afternoon, I left land and drifted right at a place called Moses Point, moving out over the ice as I neared Isaac's Point. At the end of this, the fourth day, both team and I were very tired. We had

been traveling at about nine miles an hour for four straight days and still had a long way to go. An old Eskimo put us up for the night. Tomorrow I had to face it: the long trip across Norton bay, 30 miles over ice that at any moment could crack and drift into the Bering sea. I went to sleep that night praying that the wind wouldn't change. But it did.

The old Eskimo shook his head as I made an early start. Only a few days before, another Eskimo and a team of 14 dogs had been trapped on that ice, and nobody would ever hear from them again.

Ungalik, an Eskimo camp, was our next point, although I did not plan to stop there for more than a breather. Ungalik lies just across Norton bay, and we reached there safely.

I turned right at Ungalik and headed for the next stop, Shaktolik, another Eskimo village. We made fine time on this stretch, and after about three hours the wind began to get very strong. We were, I should guess, about a quarter of a mile outside Shaktolik in the early afternoon when we came across a dog team.

The driver was having a fearful time. His team was fighting, and he seemed unable to separate the snarling, biting malemutes. I had no intention of stopping. Suddenly, I heard a piercing scream above the wind. "The serum! The serum! I have it here."

Togo was in full swing, and he wanted to keep going. But I finally got the 20 dogs stopped and turned. The driver turned out to be Paul Ivanoff, a veteran Alaska musher.

"You'll have to go back!" Ivanoff screamed.

By shouting until he was hoarse, Ivanoff explained that the situation in Nome was growing worse. To speed the serum, it was decided to run it in short relays. I was to turn back immediately and drive until I met the next dog team waiting along the trail. I didn't know who I'd meet, nor where. Ivanoff gave me the precious antitoxin, 300,000 units of the lifesaving serum.

"Good luck!" Ivanoff shouted.

We had gone 43 miles already this day and it was mid-afternoon as we started back. Now speed was everything. I wanted desperately to make it back over Norton bay before dark.

The return trip, into the teeth of a north wind, was agonizingly slow. We made Ungalik late in the afternoon and started across the ice toward Isaac's Point. I dreaded that ice. Four years before, I had been caught on an ice floe near by, and only by the wildest good luck had I returned alive.

"Right this minute," I kept thinking, "we could be adrift. Please, God, not now, with the serum."

I tried to guess how many drivers were being used. I figured there were ten, although I later heard there were 12. I remember feeling

a bit of resentment that I should have had the bad luck of traveling twice across Norton bay—the longest distance of all on the hardest and most dangerous part of the 658-mile trail from Nenana to Nome. The wind was a blizzard now, and it was growing dark as we proceeded across the ice. I trusted in Togo, that he would stay with the trail, or, if the ice cracked, that he would stop the team before it plunged into the icy waters.

Abruptly, there was the Eskimo's log cabin, looming up in the dark, almost hidden by snow. I was so tired I wanted to sink in my tracks. It was eight o'clock; and we had traveled 86 miles that day, half of it over the treacherous ice.

I slept. It seemed like only minutes until the Eskimo was shaking me, and I knew it was time to go on again. It was now about 2 A.M., it was about 40° below, and the wind was stronger.

But that run across the ice meant a saving of perhaps ten miles. The wind howled, and the dogs drove on, and we made it to the mainland. A team of dogs and a driver were waiting.

I recognized the driver as an old friend, Charles Olson. He took the precious package of serum.

"I am tired," I said. "Very tired."

I thought of the ice and the darkness and the terrible wind and the irony that men could build planes and ships, but that when Nome needed life in little packages of

serum, it took the dogs to bring it through.

We followed slowly behind Olson, making our way back to Nome. I unharnessed Togo from the team and let him run on ahead as a "loose leader."

"He's earned a rest," I thought.

I figured that Togo led his team some 268 miles to bring that serum and that we made some astonishing time. Not once did the team falter, or fight. It was as though Togo sensed the life-and-death urgency of our mission and performed like a well-drilled soldier. Even while I was thinking all this, it happened.

"Togo!" He was running madly ahead of the team.

For the first time in his life, Togo bolted at the smell of reindeer. The team set up a tremendous ruckus, trying to follow their leader.

"At least my dog mutiny happens now," I muttered. "Thank God he didn't bolt on the trail!"

I was alternately sad and furious at myself. If Togo came across a reindeer team, or a herd of reindeer, and the driver had a gun, then Togo was as good as dead. It is the law of the Alaska trail that a reindeer driver can shoot any dog that bothers his team or herd.

I traveled the rest of that day, stopped that night, and continued on toward Nome in the morning. My heart was heavy because of To-

go. About ten miles out of Nome, I saw a strange sight. There were perhaps a dozen people, men and women, waving and calling. A couple of the women were crying, and the men crowded around me.

They told me that Gunnar Kaason, driving a scrub team of mine, had met Olson along the trail. Kaason took the serum from Olson and drove the last relay into Nome.

"You are the hero, Sep," one of them said. "The serum is there."

"Nobody is really a hero," I said. Even as I said this, I didn't quite believe it, because I was thinking of Togo, the real hero of the serum drive. In Nome, some 200 people lined the streets, waving and shouting.

I felt warm and pleased inside. In a few days, I knew, I could drive through Nome and there would be children on the streets again to call out, "Hi, Sep." This was what the serum drive meant to me. I remember going on through town and out to my home at Little Creek. My wife and daughter Sigrid were waiting for me—and Togo, too! He had reached home safely.

In a matter of days, Nome was out of danger. The serum brought the diphtheria epidemic under control; children could again breathe clean air, and men and women could walk the streets without fear of the terrible "black death."

✱

AND THEN there was the vacationer who sent his psychiatrist a postcard: "Having a wonderful time. Why?" *Essential Books* (Feb. '56).

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.
*Condensed from "Played by Ear"**

The Movies and I

*The screen has never had a better friend,
or a more candid critic, than Father Lord*

I SAW MY FIRST motion picture in a peep show on State St. in Chicago. By standing on a footstool, I could crane into the eyepiece of a jumpy, badly lighted machine. The picture was propelled by turning a handle. Never shall I forget the wonder of it: the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots. It had lasted, I'm sure, all of 60 seconds.

In theaters, the peep show was being paralleled by the screen (hardly more than a light-absorbent bed sheet) which was dropped down at the end of the vaudeville program. Movies were known in the theater trade as "chasers." Some vaudeville patrons were in the habit of sitting through the entire performance two, three, or even four times in a single day. Shrewd operators used the motion pictures to clear out reluctant customers.

Those pictures were wordless, soundless, colorless. A boy would turn over the appletart of a gesticulating Italian. The Italian would pursue the lad, would be joined by all the dwellers in the block, and would end by falling into the river. Yes, it was high-class entertainment.



But I can recall vividly *The Great Train Robbery*. That brief film had everything: pathos, danger, the rushing train, masked men, horses, the chase, victory! Along the streets the nickelodeons had started. I sat in one of the most imaginative of them. It was built to resemble a day coach. Shots taken from the cowcatcher of a locomotive gave the audience all the sensations of a train ride.

The streets of Chicago were movie lots for a number of motion-picture studios in those early days. We children watched for small companies of actors who would suddenly appear, use the front of a synagogue for a bank, film a robbery and police chase, and then fold things up and silently steal away.

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A few years later, as I was en route from seminary studies to a holiday in Wisconsin, I sat with my mother and watched D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*. I sensed the beginning of a new era. I then and there fell in love with the new race of actors and actresses.

But deep down inside, I was troubled. Up to that moment I had not been aware of a Negro problem. Griffith, whether he meant to or not, made many persons hate Negroes and dread any emancipation given them. I knew that I was in the presence of a medium so powerful that it might change our whole attitude toward life.

I had become acquainted with the Ku Klux Klan through the Sherlock Holmes *Adventure of the Five Orange Pips*. Now I saw them as Marines riding to the rescue of besieged whites. The horrible bigotry of the KKK, which sprang at the throat of American liberties and the Catholic Church not a decade later, rode to its ugly triumphs largely on a road down which Griffith's clansmen had dashed.

Each summer I found my mother and father more and more addicted to the movies. Two places claimed their attendance: the parish church of a morning, the neighborhood theater of an evening. Many a fellow parishioner was inclined to genuflect when he entered the local movie house and saw my parents ahead of him. But my mother, a Puritan at heart and always a loyal

When Lucre Isn't Filthy

CERTAIN MOVIE makers have claimed that they can't follow Legion of Decency standards and still meet the tough competition of TV. Their assertion doesn't square with the facts.

A check of the 20 top money-making pictures of 1955 shows that five were classified A-1 (unobjectionable for all) and five were A-2 (unobjectionable for adults). Not one of the 107 films that made more than \$1 million were in class C (condemned).

NCWC

Catholic, began to express occasional doubts about the character of the plots and general loosening of the moral tone. She had been brought up in an age of the theater that was rigorously decent.

A pleasant set of circumstances kept me in touch with motion pictures during my days as a Jesuit student and teacher. About three times a year, highly expurgated motion pictures were presented for the entertainment of the Jesuit Community. In those silent days, a piano always tinkled as the film unrolled.

All through my three years of philosophy and four years of theology, I was the accompanist. Naturally, I had to see in advance any picture I was to support with musical effects. I wangled an invitation to be present when films

were shown to the faculty Fathers to decide whether or not they were proper entertainment.

Actually, few of them were. The movies were running wild. Few films of adventure, even in the windswept West, failed to include a heroine cornered by a villain whose lustful intent was only too vividly displayed.

I was a very young Jesuit when I sent my first theater article to Father John J. Burke, who then edited the *Catholic World*. Later, he became executive secretary of the National Catholic Welfare conference. It was his presence in that post that brought about my first official connection with the movies.

Word had gone out that Cecil B. de Mille would do a story about Christ called *The King of Kings*. He wisely determined to bring to his studio a Protestant, a Jew, and a Catholic to guard him against dangerous blunders. Father Burke was asked to recommend a priest. He remembered the young Jesuit who loved the theater, and asked my provincial to lend me for the advisory job. I found myself heading for fabulous Hollywood.

The company was on location on Catalina island. H. B. Warner, playing the part of the Lord, was kept in a kind of tented cloister. Nobody addressed him until he was out of costume. An unfortunate lady cast for Mary was under a morals contract that she violated by divorcing and remarrying before

the picture was well released. (She was black-listed, and disappeared from pictures.)

The Protestant minister had come and gone, but later he returned. The rabbi had disappeared once the Old Testament dissolved into the New. I settled down in that vast combination of tropical expedition, transplanted Broadway, congress of nations, and beauty contest. The company was an assembly of great names that de Mille had gathered about him when he left Paramount. Never again was such a company to be gathered. The part of Simon of Cyrene was played by Bill Boyd, a young star who a full generation later would become more celebrated still as Hopalong Cassidy.

De Mille and I sat down to discuss his film story. He was a fascinating blend of absolute monarch and charming gentleman, a Renaissance prince with the instincts of a Barnum. A careful scrutiny of the Gospels had failed to uncover any love story that Minnie and Jake (those mythical, all-powerful gods of the box office) would relish. So I found, to my horror, that into the scenario had been written a love story that would satisfy the morons' desire for red meat.

Somebody had resurrected, from some little-known German legend of the Middle Ages, the love story of Mary Magdalene and Judas. Judas, a handsome young fellow with ambitions, had fallen in love with Mary Magdalene, a courtesan

in the best penthouse style. When Mary's acceptance of the Saviour resulted in a complete change in her character, he resented the intrusion of Jesus into his plans, and grew to hate him. There was even to be a desert scene, with Mary at the door of the tent of Christ, and Judas raging with jealousy. My heart sank at the possibilities of such a plot.

I began, however, with a gentle suggestion on another point. The first section of the scenario ended with the recitation of the Our Father, which concluded with "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen." Since the country is predominantly Protestant, I admitted that de Mille was reasonable enough in using the Protestant ending. "But you have a vast foreign audience," I pointed out. "When you use that ending in France, Spain, Latin America, they won't recognize it." He thought it over for several days and then had that part of the scenario rewritten.

We sat together looking at the 2,500 feet of Judas-Magdalene already shot. It was de Mille at his most de-Mille-ish. A Roman banquet with roisterers, dancing girls, prowling animals, and a Magdalene who combined the charms of generations of females of the fatal stripe. I winced. Mr. de Mille explained patiently how essential it was that the Broadway audiences of the world be won over.

But a strange thing began to hap-

pen. Christ began to take over. It was a Christ of synthetic whiskers and grease paint, to be sure. H. B. Warner was a good actor, but not a great one.

But Christ was already doing to the film what He does to all life, once given a chance. He was so dominating it that no one else mattered. The figure of the Saviour appeared first through the eyes of a blind girl to whom He restored sight. He moved about in his public life, quietly, effectively, miraculously.

We were sitting watching rushes one evening. Mr. de Mille leaned over and touched my hand.

"He is great, isn't He?" he said.

"Warner?" I asked, pretending not to understand. He waved his hand impatiently.

"Jesus," he replied. "He is great." There was a long pause, and then he spoke very quietly. "I doubt that we shall need the story of Mary Magdalene and Judas."

I have always been glad that this attempt to bring Christ to the screen resulted in a film that never has known a day since 1927 when it was not shown in some corner of the earth.

Newspaper items about me continued for years to mention that I had been adviser to de Mille on *The King of Kings*. At intervals my friendship with de Mille was renewed. I came to know his charming wife, and to write on occasion to his children. In the end, I had to

be the one to flatly contradict him on an important matter.

He had been planning for a long time to make *The Queen of Queens* as a complement or sequel to *The King of Kings*. I told him that he ventured on very dangerous ground. "If you do a film on Mary," I said, "you run the risk of offending both Protestants and Catholics. Protestants will think you pro-Catholic if you praise Mary and present her beautifully. But if you put into the film the slightest element that Catholics think unfitting in connection with Mary, you'll hear such an outcry that you'll be forced to run for shelter."

Some years later, Mr. de Mille sent his talented brother, William, to go over a scenario for *The Queen of Queens* with me. It was completely dreadful. The story again focused on a love affair of Judas, this time with Salome, the daughter of Herodias. The climactic scene occurred during the dance of the seven veils, with Mary in the garden outside the house of Herod, and the camera swinging from the dancing Salome to the suffering mother in the shadows as she tried to save John the Baptist.

"Frankly," I said, "the Catholic public will raise the roof!"

William de Mille had actually come to St. Louis chilly to the whole idea of the film. He knew that the scenario was a hash and a hazard, though he had presented it with some show of enthusiasm. The

moment I began to take it apart, he was entirely in agreement.

When we had been working on *The King of Kings*, Cecil had shown me a cartoon of himself labeled "The Man Nobody No's." If I made any contribution to his great film, it was by my constant use of the word No whenever I thought a scene simply would not do. Now I was saying No to an entire subject. Later, whenever we met, Mr. de Mille regarded me a little sorrowfully and reminded me that I had blocked the production of *The Queen of Queens*. Personally, I think that was his good luck.

Of course, it wasn't long before pictures began to talk, and audiences rushed to hear the fantastic shadows blat and bleat. But sound films created a new problem. Actors now had to speak some measure of sense. In the silent days nobody cared what the actors said. I have sat with deaf-mute friends, trained to read lips, at silent pictures and heard them burst into roars of unexplained laughter. What the lips of the actors were forming and what the sense of the scene demanded had no connection.

It was amusing beyond words to watch the shooting of some scenes for silent pictures, when actors with different dialects talked together, their gestures and expressions caught by the camera, their words dying on empty air. In one scene for *The King of Kings*, Warner said the word *fish* with an English

accent; Ernest Torrence, playing Peter, repeated the word as *fuush*, with a strong Scottish burr; and Joseph Schildkraut, as Judas, caught it up with a Yiddish accent, *feesh?*

I went to the Broadway opening of one of Vitaphone's first "part-talking" films. Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel starred in a stereotyped drama to which a few scenes of recorded dialogue had been added. When the heroine spoke, the sounds were prolonged lisps. And nobody had bothered to hire a skilled dialogue writer.

The climax came when the villain broke into the heroine's room. He put his foot through the door, and Vitaphone produced the sound of a man shattering an empty orange crate. He tore a sheet of paper, and the sound was that of the ripping of oilcloth. He moved toward the panic-stricken heroine. She opened her hissing lips and cried, "Don't look at me like that! Oh, don't look at me like that! You, too, may have a sister."

The Broadway audience howled. It was the old melodrama at its worst. The word *sister* came out *schisther*, and the whole scene fell into the realm of low comedy.

Soon, transcontinental trains began to be packed with writers summoned to save the talking pictures with brilliant dialogue. But along with distinguished dramatists and writers of good stories came the very men whose smut drama, suggestive vaudeville skits, and black-

outs for musical shows had just slaughtered the legitimate drama of this country. Outside New York, the theater was totally dead.

I recall discussing this situation with Pat Casey, for years vice president and booking agent of the B. F. Keith circuit. "The dogs! The dirty, filthy dogs!" he said. "They've killed the theater. There was a time when vaudeville was a gold mine.

"But, the dirty so-and-so's, they couldn't leave well enough alone. They had to spoil it with their smutty jokes and dirty sketches. Vaudeville is deader than a mule-drawn canal boat. And now that same filthy crowd is ruining the motion pictures—and nobody seems to care."

But people did care. A tide of protest had begun to swell all over the country. It was soon to bring about the adoption of the motion-picture code and, later, the Legion of Decency.

I have sometimes come across pictures from that period, and watched them with incredulity. It is hard to recall how rotten some of them were, how suggestive the comedy, how frequent the nudity. It is hard to remember how the plots had narrowed down to seduction and murder and rape and illegitimate children and immoral women and rapacious men. I have often felt that it would do those demanding repeal of the code a world of good if they were obliged to sit through a group of those films!

By Clarence Woodbury
*Condensed from the "American Magazine"**

Man in the Middle

Basil O'Connor has waged war on polio for a quarter century, and now the enemy is surrendering

BASIL O'CONNOR, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, was a controversial figure all during the uproar over the Salk polio vaccine. It wasn't a new experience. For years, O'Connor has been showered with both bouquets and brickbats, and he has never allowed either to distract his gaze from his great objective: the conquest of polio.

What kind of man is O'Connor, anyway? He has been variously described as a zealous humanitarian, a clever opportunist, a brilliant social worker, a brazen publicist. In an effort to get a true picture, I have had long talks with O'Connor himself and with people who know him well, with ardent admirers and vigorous critics.

Basil O'Connor (he pronounces the first syllable of his name *base*, not *bass*) struck me as a rather tough cookie, as he does many people. He is five feet, eight inches tall, 63 years old, and has a lean, sardonic face and blue-gray eyes which appraise you shrewdly through



glasses. He seldom smiles. He wears sharp clothes, with a white carnation always in his buttonhole. He smokes cigarettes incessantly through a long holder.

O'Connor has raised more money for compassionate purposes than any other person—almost \$1 billion—but rarely displays soft emotions himself. His former law partner, the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, used to say that, just once in his life, he would like to see O'Connor carried away by enthusiasm.

Over his desk, O'Connor keeps a large sign which demands sternly of all callers, "What Are the Facts?" Like other lawyers, he loves to assemble and present irrefutable evidence. This trait has undoubtedly had much to do with his success, but no more than another charac-

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. September, 1955. © 1955 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

teristic: a willingness to play secondary roles and let others enjoy the limelight as long as he gets what he wants.

The idea of playing No. 2 man to Roosevelt occurred to O'Connor one day in 1924. He was returning from lunch to his office at 120 Broadway when he noticed a commotion in the lobby. A tall man with powerful arms and shoulders but pitifully wasted legs in steel braces had fallen flat on the marble floor when his crutches slipped out from under him. He had to struggle desperately to sit up. His chauffeur was trying to get him back on his feet but couldn't lift him alone.

A worried crowd gathered, but the crippled man himself was unperturbed, almost gay. "It's nothing," he said to the spectators in a strong, confident voice, but still panting from his efforts to rise. "If one of you will just give us a hand—."

O'Connor stepped forward to help, but before he could do so someone else put his hands under one of the fallen man's arms, the chauffeur put his under the other, and together they hoisted him back to his crutches. Somebody else placed his crumpled hat on his head. Then, with prodigious exertions that beaded every pore of his face, the man threw his full weight on his crutches and made his way slowly, precariously to an elevator.

Shocked, O'Connor had recognized the man at once as Franklin

Roosevelt. He had read in the papers about his infantile paralysis, but hadn't dreamed it had crippled him. He said to himself, "What a hideous, damnable disease!"

As he went up in the elevator, a thought struck O'Connor. He knew that Roosevelt had an office in the building, and also that he had a law degree. He himself needed a law partner whose name would carry prestige. Might Roosevelt be interested?

At that time, O'Connor was 32 years old, ten years younger than F.D.R., and already had come far from humble beginnings. He was the youngest of four children of a tinsmith, and grew up in a poor section of Taunton, Mass. His father never earned more than \$18 a week. One day, when little Basil took his lunch to him on the job, he found that his father had just been fired. As a result, O'Connor, a hard taskmaster in other respects, has always found it extremely painful to discharge an employee. Asked why, he once said, "Did you ever see your father crying?"

By the time he was six, Basil was peddling newspapers to help support the family. His chief distinction was that of being the kid brother of John O'Connor, a bright, scrappy youngster who excelled at baseball and just about everything else, and who later was to make a name for himself in Congress.

Basil shone at his studies, skipped a couple of grades, learned to play

the violin, and at the age of 16 was admitted to Dartmouth. He was nicknamed Doc, after Doc O'Connor, the football coach, and the name stuck.

He sailed through Dartmouth in three and one-half years, earning his way by playing in a small dance orchestra. Shortly before graduation, he engaged in a debate at which Thomas Streeter, a member of the prominent Boston, Mass., law firm of Streeter & Holmes, was one of the judges. Streeter was so impressed by O'Connor's performance that he loaned him money to attend Harvard Law school.

After his admittance to the bar, O'Connor's first job was with a firm of New York corporation lawyers, Cravath & Henderson. When the U.S. entered the 1st World War, he returned to Boston and managed the business of Streeter & Holmes while the partners were in uniform. His weak eyesight made him ineligible for service himself.

When the war was over, O'Connor went into business for himself in New York City. He was already earning a handsome income when he saw Roosevelt struggling to rise that day in the lobby.

O'Connor talked with one of his clients, John B. Shearer, who knew Roosevelt. Shearer brought O'Connor and Roosevelt together at a luncheon. The President-to-be immediately jumped at the idea.

"I think O'Connor and Roosevelt would make a splendid firm name,"

Roosevelt began a bit cautiously.

"Oh, no," O'Connor replied quickly. "I think Roosevelt and O'Connor would be much more euphonious."

The two men made an odd pair. O'Connor parted his hair precisely in the middle in those days, always wore dark suits and rimless glasses, and his manner was usually either grave or sardonic. Teamed with the flamboyant and exuberant Roosevelt, he reminded some people of a shrewd young owl in partnership with a bird of paradise. They had many a battle, but usually wound up grinning at each other.

Before they announced their partnership on Jan. 1, 1925, Roosevelt invited O'Connor to Warm Springs, Ga., where he had strengthened his wasted legs by bathing in the water of what was then a run-down spa, and outlined grandiose plans for converting the place into a modern resort.

O'Connor, after poking around for a day, didn't warm up. "It looked like a big old hole to me," he says, and he told F.D.R. that he'd better watch his step or he would lose his shirt.

However, he permitted himself to be named secretary and treasurer of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, Inc., after Roosevelt had put up \$195,000 to buy 1,260 acres of land, including a hotel and a few other buildings. The foundation would use the income from the hotel and other sources to defray the

expenses of polio patients who came to Warm Springs and could not pay for their own care.

When Roosevelt was elected President in 1932, he offered O'Connor a Cabinet post. "I'll work with you in any way I can," O'Connor replied, "but I don't want to work for you. You know what I want."

"Yes, Doc, I know," Roosevelt replied. "You've told me often enough. You just want to practice law. Okay."

O'Connor had married an understanding girl, Elvira R. Miller of Louisville, Ky. She didn't see much of him. Neither did their two daughters, Bettyann and Sheelagh. O'Connor was on constant call to the White House. He visited the President at least once a week. He used Roosevelt's immense popularity to lift the struggling Warm Springs foundation to a very solvent position.

He did so by promoting birthday balls all over the country to celebrate the President's birthday on Jan. 30. He soon had more money than he needed to operate the treatment center. As a result, the National foundation was formed in 1938 to provide better treatment for polio victims everywhere and advance research into causes of the disease.

On Roosevelt's insistence, O'Connor became president of the foundation. To assist fund-raising drives, he enlisted headliners of the entertainment world. Among these was

Eddie Cantor, who appealed to his radio audience one night early in 1938 to send dimes to the White House to fight polio. "We might call it a March of Dimes," he said. The result was a fund-raising marvel. More than 2,680,000 dimes, over \$268,000 worth, swamped White House mail-room employees for days.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, some of O'Connor's aides asked him if it wouldn't be wise, in view of the war emergency, to call off the drive set for the following January. "Not at all," he snapped. "We're never going to call off this war on polio until we win it."

During the war, O'Connor remained just as close to Roosevelt as before. In 1938, F.D.R. had openly opposed the re-election to Congress of O'Connor's brother John. But Basil didn't take sides in their dispute, and in many ways Roosevelt relied upon him more heavily than on any of his other advisers.

O'Connor was never a Yes man. "Doc never hesitated to disagree with the big fellow," an intimate told me. "Sometimes he even called him a stubborn Dutchman. For that reason, and because Doc would never take a government job, F.D.R. trusted him completely."

In July, 1944, right after D-Day, Roosevelt did talk O'Connor into a job, however, as president of the American National Red Cross. Since then, O'Connor has devoted nearly all his working hours to hu-

By John E. Gibson

Give Thanks for Happiness

manitarian causes, from none of which he has ever accepted a salary.

While Roosevelt was spending his last vacation at Warm Springs in April, 1945, O'Connor visited him. He knew that the President was a dying man and offered to defer a pending trip to Asia. "Don't be silly, Doc," Roosevelt told him, "I'm all right." O'Connor returned to New York, and was at his desk on the afternoon of April 12 when a secretary informed him that she had just heard a radio flash that the President was dead.

With Roosevelt gone, a good many people in the foundation felt that the war on polio would die or dwindle. But O'Connor pressed harder on all fronts. He emphasized the fact that the foundation was a completely nonpolitical organization, and not an adjunct of the Democratic party.

In 1950, he received some personal provocation to redouble his efforts. His older daughter, Bettyann, who had become Mrs. Sidney Culver and the mother of five small children, called him up from her home near Winchester, Va. "I'm not scared, dad," she said, "but they've just punctured my spine and say I've got your disease."

"What do you mean, my disease?" he asked.

"The doctor says it's polio," she replied.

Except for a set of permanently impaired abdominal muscles, Bettyann made a complete recovery. But

the episode didn't make O'Connor feel any more kindly toward the viruses he had been battling for a quarter-century. The next year he raised the record sum of \$50 million to fight polio.

That same year, 1951, O'Connor met Dr. Salk. One big question remained: did polio virus spend any time in the victim's blood stream before entering the nervous system?

"I'm no scientist," he would say, "but what good will it do us to develop a vaccine to shoot into the blood stream unless we know that the virus goes *through* the blood stream?"

Intensified research showed that the virus did pass through the blood stream, and Salk, heeding advice from O'Connor to "hurry slowly," plunged into the experiments at Pittsburgh which produced his vaccine. But he told O'Connor he would not make extensive tests of the substance without the approval at every step of a neutral committee of experts.

O'Connor provided such a committee, and poured approximately \$7 million into the nation-wide field trials of 1954, in which 440,000 school children received shots.

To evaluate results, scientists worked for months under Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Last April 12, it was announced that the vaccine was safe and effective. That was the biggest day of O'Connor's life.

The happiest husbands and wives with women than it did with men. spent the most time at home: the The happiest couples were those

Give Thanks for Happiness

It's the only way to get it

HAPPINESS HAS long been considered a subject for philosophers and poets. Recently, however, science has been taking a look at the matter; psychologists and sociologists in leading universities and research foundations have been putting happiness under a microscope. To throw more light on why some people are happy and others aren't, the investigators have conducted exhaustive studies and surveys. Now, here are some of their findings.

What percentage of Americans are happy?

A consensus of the findings of four leading surveys on this question shows that between 50% and 60% of all Americans rate themselves as quite happy; close to 30% regard themselves as only moderately happy; and slightly over 10% rate themselves as definitely unhappy.

Surveys also show that people tend to be happiest during that period in their lives when they are working the hardest to make both ends meet.

Does the age at which you marry affect your happiness?

It depends on whether you are a man or a woman. Studies just completed at the University of Minne-



sota show that women who marry during their 20's experience the greatest happiness. Those who marry at 30 or later tend to be somewhat less happy. And those who were the most unhappy and dissatisfied with life were found to have married before 20.

The investigators found, however, that a man's age at marriage did not affect his happiness to any appreciable extent. Other findings of the study were these.

Women who marry "too young" or "too old" tend to become the most dissatisfied with their lives when their children grow up.

Women who are the same age as, or older than, their husbands tend to be unhappier than those who are younger than their husbands. They notice this particularly when middle age approaches.

The happiest husbands and wives spent the most time at home; the less happy wives wished to spend less time in work around the house; also, they wished to go out evenings—while the husbands were content to stay home.

Are married people happier than those who remain single?

On the whole they are—but that doesn't mean that most bachelors and spinsters would be happier if they got married. On the contrary, studies show that most men and women who never marry are temperamentally ill-suited to matrimony, and are actually happier in the single state.

Does beauty in a woman (or good looks in a man) have any bearing on happiness?

To find the answer to this question, investigators at both Indiana university and the University of Minnesota made a careful study of hundreds of couples selected from various walks of life. The couples were divided into two groups: the happy and the unhappy. Then each person was rated on a five-point "attractiveness" scale, ranging from 1 (homely) to 5 (extremely attractive). Findings of the study:

Happy and well-adjusted husbands and wives scored the highest ratings for attractiveness.

This relationship between happiness and good looks was found to hold true to an even greater extent

with women than it did with men.

The happiest couples were those where both husband and wife were more or less equally attractive.

Are men happier than women?

A nation-wide poll showed that most women think that men lead happier and more interesting lives, and scientific studies give strong support to this view. Investigations at the University of Southern California and elsewhere have shown that women are more subject to feelings of depression and discontent than men are, and tend to be more easily irritated and upset by the commonplace annoyances of everyday life. Psychologists have also found that women have a narrower range of interests, and tend to lack man's capacity for whole-hearted enjoyment in many areas of living. Women also tend to be more distrustful of each other than men are, and thus they cannot feel the same sense of good fellowship enjoyed by men.

Does your job affect your happiness?

Your job has much more to do with your happiness than you may realize. If it is completely absorbing, if it provides for full expression of your talents and abilities, it can make up for disappointments in many other areas of life. As sociologist Hornell Hart observes, one of the richest experiences in life is having a daily occupation which

not only brings a satisfactory income, but which is rewarding in itself.

If you are happy with your work, if you have found the job that's "right" for you, you are luckier than 37% of all Americans; for a nationwide Gallup survey has shown that only 63% of the nation's breadwinners really enjoy their work. Most of the rest told interviewers that if they were to begin all over again, they would choose an entirely different field. This suggests that one of the most effective ways of protecting your happiness is to spend plenty of time and thought in choosing your profession or occupation. So it behooves you to do everything you can (and this includes taking vocational-guidance tests) to make sure of getting into the type of work for which you are best suited.

Does your income affect your happiness?

All studies show that the happiest people are neither rich nor poor; and that the rich would be happier if they had less, the extremely poor happier if they had more. So the happiest people are in the middle-income bracket. Professor Hart decided, after a 10-year study of the subject, that there is little relationship for most people between how

much money they take in and how much happiness they experience.

What does have a direct bearing on your happiness (and this applies to all people) is your *attitude* toward money. Wide-scale surveys have shown that of the people who regard plenty of money as essential to happiness, only a small percentage rate themselves as happy; and that the men and women who regard themselves as the happiest are those who rate 1. love and 2. having a congenial family as far more essential to happiness than financial independence.

What one thing tends to mark the happy from the unhappy?

Regardless of a person's status in life, or the situation in which he finds himself, he has the choice of one of two attitudes: 1. being thankful for what he has, or 2. regretting the fact that he doesn't have more.

Which of the two attitudes you adopt will have a greater bearing on your happiness than any other single factor. The more often you assume attitude No. 1, the happier you will be. And the more frequently you adopt attitude No. 2, the more unhappy you will make yourself. This principle holds true whether you have much or little, whether you are famous or obscure. The choice is yours.

❖
 "So you've been to college?" muttered the top sergeant, directing a sour glance at the recruit. "I suppose, of course, you'll want a commission?"

"No, thanks," returned the recruit. "It happens that I'm a poor shot. I'd much rather work on straight salary."

Christian Union Herald.

My Father's Three Words

I'll always remember them

THREE WORDS OF my father's that changed my life I can never forget. On a street car he spoke them, between two clangs of the motorman's bell, three words to help and hearten a teen-age boy. They help and hearten him still, that boy grown old and archbishop of Boston.

Long ago this happened, on a late winter night in 1912. My dad was a blacksmith in the south Boston carbarn; and myself at 16, confused and unhappy, a junior at the Jesuit High school. My parents were the only ones who thought me capable of college, and they only prayerfully and in spite of the letter I had brought home that afternoon from the prefect of studies.

Dismayed by my midyear exams, the good Jesuit Father had sent in haste for my dad. An evening appointment it had to be, for the street lights were on when my father left for work, and were burning again before he reached home. Ten hours he worked, seven days a week; a big man and gentle; a good

provider, the neighbors said. And so said Father Twomey, our pastor.

Well I remember that fateful night, with the letter waiting for dad to read. Over 40 years I can see our kitchen, and the supper waiting while he read the letter. When he'd done, he said, "Never mind the stew, Mary, we'd best get started. Put your rubbers on, Richard, it's beginning to snow."

At 8 o'clock we were there, in the rectory of the Jesuit church, listening to the prefect of studies. The young Father spoke gently, telling of my poor school work, questioning the wisdom of keeping me in high school. "After all, Mr. Cushing," he said, "God calls his children to many vocations: a comparative few to the life of the intellect, and fewer still to the dignity of his priesthood."

Big and straight in his chair, my father listened, his best hat in his lap, firmly held with both hands. Only once, and quietly, he spoke in my defense, "It could be, Father, he's been working too hard, week ends and evenings for Father Two-

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Jan. 8, 1956. © 1956 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

mev." And with modest pride, he added, "Assistant janitor, you might say; a good boy and willing."

"No question of that," said the young priest, rising, "nor must you feel bad about it at all. St. Joseph was a carpenter. God will find work for this Richard of yours."

My father thanked him. Then, "Good night, Father," was all he said.

As if it were yesterday, I recall the cold wet dark of the car stop, and the rain that was snow in the oncoming lights of our southbound car. We rode homeward not talking, each with his own thoughts, and mine unhappy. At last I said, pretending indifference as boys will, "They can have their diploma. I'll get a job and help at home."

Dad answered me quietly, words

I missed in the crowded aisle. Then three I didn't miss, clearly heard between two clangs of the motor-man's bell. "Carry on, son," he said.

And when we got off at City Point, a few words more. My immigrant father, inarticulate often, but to me that dark night the best of my teachers. Hurrying homeward, "Do the best you can," he told me, "'tis all God asks. He'll do the rest." Commonplace words, but who knows better to help and hearten child or man, teen-ager or bishop?

"Carry on," said my father long ago. With God's help I will—we will, His children, you and I. My father's three words I pass on to other young lads who find the going rather difficult.



Involuntary Fast

A CENTURY AGO, many Catholics were unable to support their priests quite as well as many Catholics do now. A good number of them were immigrants who were having a hard time of it themselves, and the priest, like the doctor, often went on short rations.

One Pat Regan, a young Minnesota farmer, often saw his pastor, Father Malone, out making parish calls with his horse and buggy. Pat couldn't help noticing that although poor Father was as thin as a rail, the horse he drove was a fine, big animal.

One day during a call at the rectory, he ventured to joke with the priest about it. "How does it happen, now, Father, that yourself is as slim as a reed, but your horse is so sleek and fat?"

Father Malone thought that his leg was being pulled, so he fenced about a bit before answering. But his housekeeper, who had overheard the young man, broke in tartly, "That's easy! It's Father Malone himself who feeds the horse, but it's the parishioners who feed his Riv'rence."

Thomas P. Ramirez.

Insurance Money for 45 Million Americans

*An \$85-billion business is the distant echo of William J. Graham's
gasp of pity 50 years ago*

WILLIAM JOSEPH GRAHAM, retired vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S., is sometimes called the father of group insurance. He rejects the tag, but there is little doubt that the general principle behind group policies was established largely through William Graham's strenuous efforts.

Today 45 million Americans are protected by \$94.3 billion of group insurance. The families of 29 million U.S. workers are assured that if their breadwinner dies, they will receive an amount equal to his salary for a year. That way they have some chance to get adjusted to changed circumstances.

A half century ago such arrangements would have sounded utopian. Graham vividly recalls a visit he made one day early in the century, when he was a young actuary work-

ing for a Louisville insurance firm. Several death-benefit claims awaited his approval, and he had decided to go out and get firsthand knowledge of some of his company's clients.



His first stop was at a little weatherworn house, where the proceeds of a very small policy were to be paid to the widow of a Negro factory hand. He saw an ironing board perched on two chairs. A crude bed of rough-hewn timber, covered by a tattered patchwork quilt, was

the only other furniture. Yet the death benefit would not enable the stricken mother and her children to maintain even this wretched home for more than a few weeks.

That pathetic picture stamped itself onto Graham's mind and heart. Wasn't there some way of forestalling such misery? He had no way of knowing then that he would be the

man to come up with the answer.

Louisville was Graham's home town. He was born there on Sept. 23, 1877, the third of the four children of William T. and Anna Eulalia Graham. His father, a Scot and a Mason, was an Ohio-river steamboat captain. Captain Graham so respected his wife's Catholic faith that he regularly attended Mass with her and the children at Louisville's Cathedral of the Assumption.

Graham's father shared his wife's admiration for the work of the nuns, an admiration which their children naturally picked up. He was unofficial business adviser to the Little Sisters of the Poor, whom he frequently met on their errands of mercy along the river front.

Captain Graham died when the children were young. His widow, despite the sore financial pinch, saw to it that each of them received a college education. Graham's later passionate interest in the welfare of widows and orphans probably reflected in part his memory of his mother's struggle.

William attended college in Louisville. After graduation he went to New York, and earned an M.A. degree at St. Francis Xavier college. His persuasive personality and mathematical wizardry soon brought him into the insurance field. He passed the stiff examinations of the Actuarial Society of America. Graham was the first southerner to win his way in by examination.

Graham's convictions about the social responsibilities of insurance men were strengthened when, at the age of 28, he took part in an important investigation. A number of state insurance departments in the West and South, alarmed by reports of abuses by several large insurance companies, joined together to try to get the truth. They asked Graham and another actuary, the late General S. Herbert Wolf, to take charge of the investigation for them.

When he recalls that episode, Graham still grows indignant. (Graham indignant is a formidable personality; his anger has always been of the glacial rather than the volcanic type.) "At that time," he says, "public confidence in insurance was waning. Muckrakers were adding to the people's doubts. The companies were catching it from all sides. In New York, the Armstrong commission had begun a similar study."

Graham and Wolf uncovered the facts about the shady practices that had shaken public confidence. Their findings enabled insurance commissions to draft laws that cleaned up the situation and has prevented its recurrence.

A few years later, Graham joined the Equitable Co. as western superintendent of agencies, with headquarters in Chicago. His job was to bring in more business from areas which company officials thought were being neglected.

When he took over his new job, he found in his desk a striking proposal that had been made by George R. Durgan, attorney for Montgomery Ward & Co. Durgan had asked Equitable (and several other companies) if it would be possible to buy low-cost insurance for employees, regardless of health or age, and make a saving on mass purchase of policies. Few workers, he pointed out, had life insurance; even fewer had savings. Death of a father meant crushing hardship for most low-income families.

Equitable had turned the plan down cold. So had the other companies. Insurance men looked askance at such a radical departure from the standard pattern: life insurance sold on an individual basis to "good risks" chosen by medical examination.

Examining Durgan's proposal, Graham thought for the thousandth time of the bereaved Negro family in Louisville. "If a man is healthy enough to report regularly for work," he said to himself, "he's healthy enough to be insured!"

With that conviction, he threw himself into a one-man campaign. Twenty years earlier, Pope Leo XIII had outlined the responsibility of employers to establish means of providing for families of workers in the event of sickness or death. Using arguments similar to those advanced in that Pope's great labor encyclical, and adding others peculiarly applicable to the American

scene, Graham presented the moral aspects of the case.

Then, calling upon all his actuarial skill, he proved that such a plan would be a success. The group, he explained, must be large enough for the law of averages to work. And there must be no screening out by employers of those who could not ordinarily meet the medical requirements for insurance.

Graham's presentation so impressed one of the directors, Eugenius M. Outerbridge, that he bought policies forthwith for the 121 employees of his own company, the Pantasote Leather Co., of Paterson, N. J. And Graham had convinced all of Equitable's executives.

Later, on July 1, 1912, what can be regarded as the first group-life-insurance policy in history—a policy totaling \$6 million—went into effect. By the end of that first year, 12,000 persons were insured for \$13 million under the group plan.

The idea proved so attractive that ten years later 1.6 million persons were protected by \$1.8 billion of insurance. And during the last 15 years the growth has been phenomenal. Group life is now the largest single category of life insurance in force, with policies totaling \$85 billion.

The group-insurance idea has, of course, spread far beyond the original confines of life insurance. Pension plans, annuities, and the currently popular accident and health policies have extended protection to

additional millions. And it was to be expected that there would be a demand for a similar plan to ease the burden of medical bills. At the latest count, 104 million people had joined one or the other of the hospitalization groups.

The contribution of group plans to labor-management harmony by "removing forms of avoidable distress," as Mr. Graham once phrased it, is incalculable. A glance at the headlines will show how much stress is placed these days on fringe benefits in labor-management negotiations. Sometimes improvements in fringe benefits are the only changes a union seeks for its members.

But none of these benefits would have been possible if Graham had not established the principle of insuring a whole group.

Graham became third vice president of Equitable in 1918, second vice president two years later, and vice president in 1929. He has been a director since 1937. He retired from the vice presidency in 1948. Now 78, he remains one of the country's most able advocates of group insurance.

Though an exacting administrator, Graham was always held in high esteem by his subordinates. One reason was his deep interest in their families, particularly in the small children, who were always welcome at his office. The youngsters found, not a preoccupied executive, but a delightful man who

would invite them to play with mechanical toys which were stored in desk drawers and filing cabinets for just such occasions. Or—since Graham had developed some skill as an amateur magician—he would pull mysterious lollipops from behind their ears while they listened to his wonderful stories.

Today the sleight-of-hand and the storytelling are amusing Mr. Graham's three grandchildren, the two daughters and son of his daughter, Mrs. William Adams, Jr. Like most grandfathers, he casts a benevolent eye on their activities, occasionally interceding to protect them from chastisement.

In retirement, Mr. Graham has been able to give more time to activities which he had to forego under the pressures of an executive's schedule. Directors' meetings and chamber-of-commerce sessions still take some of his time, of course. But there are many pleasant hours for his favorite kind of reading: history and biography. As a Catholic layman, he was overjoyed by the introduction of the ritual in English. He thinks that the widespread substitution of the vernacular for Latin will arouse a deeper understanding of their religion on the part of all Catholics, especially those who have always been his special concern: the laboring classes.

Early-morning strollers in New York see Mr. Graham and his wife walking to Mass from their Park Ave. home almost every day.

By Frank Sullivan

Cold War Set to Music

Violins and pianos used as weapons bruise nobody at all

THE EDITOR of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has given me the choice of explaining either the French political situation or the current cultural war between the Soviets and the West. I am no fool. I chose the latter. I know of seven experts at present taking rest cures in hospitals as a result of trying to explain French politics.

The Soviets and the West have been showering pianists, artists, violinists, actors, ballerinas and, in our case, senators on each other like confetti. The first comment that comes to mind is that it is better to drop fiddlers and toe dancers on each other than more explosive missiles. Whether it is cricket for us to drop senators on the commies is a question I will have to take up with you privately, at coffee break.

This war of the arts is a gentler phase of the cold war—more like the battle of roses at the Pasadena carnival than, let us say, the blockade of Berlin or the speeches of the late Vishinsky. But we in this country have had so many and such a variety of knickknacks thrown at us from Moscow—and from other European and Asian quarters as well—



that it may be wise to duck any roses the Soviets toss our way until experts have examined them to see what's inside. You remember the snowball fights of your youth. There was always some slippery customer among the boys whose idea of fun was to pack rocks or lumps of coal inside his snowballs before beaming you with them.

Let us run quickly over a few of the moves and countermoves in this cultural campaign. The Comédie Française sent its company to Moscow to play for the comrades, which it did to great acclaim. The Soviets sent their ballet to Paris, where it scored a wild success. The British sent a company of skilled players to Moscow to do *Hamlet*, and the Soviets countered by announcing that Khrushchev and Bulganin would pay a visit to the British. This nettled the British because Khrushchev's performance of *Hamlet* is notoriously lacking in the delicate nuances of the role, yet protocol

prevented them from objecting publicly. They had to content themselves with the hope that Bulganin would turn in a passable performance as Polonius.

Turning to this side of the Atlantic, the communists sent a gifted pianist named Emil Gilels to play for us decadent capitalists, which he did to critical applause. Then they sent over their first-rank violinist, David Oistrakh, to play for us. Up to their old tricks, you see. First they make a disarming gesture by sending us an artist with a name easy to pronounce. Then, when they have lulled us into a false sense of security, they send over a virtuoso named Oistrakh. It *looks* easy to pronounce, but just try it on your maxilla. Many music lovers cut the Gordian knot and foiled the Kremlin by calling him Ostrich.

Our side scored heavily when the brilliant *Porgy and Bess* company made the trek to Leningrad and Moscow and laid 'em in the aisles. Our government had subsidized the other trips abroad of the *Porgy and Bess* troupe but balked at standing treat for the tour of Russia. I do not know why. Possibly because we have to balance the budget and therefore had no spare change for the troubadours from Catfish row. It was a mistake on our part, and the wily comrades lost no time in taking advantage of it. They picked up the check for the *Porgy and Bess* tour. This made them look like Good Time Charlies and patrons of

the arts, while it made us look kind of stingy. So we lost some of the effect of the *Porgy* triumph, but enough remained to count.

The Kremlin has not yet sent us any of those dancing moujiks who fold their arms, sit on their haunches, and fling out their legs in all directions, shouting "Hi!" or "Yup!" or, as I have often suspected, "Ouch!" The dervishes are fun to watch when they do that dance. It is a lively dance, and I wish we Americans could do it well, but there is no use in our trying; the American sacroiliac is just not built to withstand such wear and tear.

A lot of Americans have found this out. At many festive parties the moment comes when some gentleman is moved to sit on his heels and try that Russian Ouch dance. I can recall the last time I tried it, at a friend's bachelor dinner. I can even remember the hour. It was 2 A.M. It cost me ten bucks the next day to have an osteopath repair the damage to my fenders. Let us leave supremacy in the Ouch dance to the Russians and console ourselves with the thought that no matter how hard he tries, Molotov cannot do the Big Apple. I don't think he could play Hamlet, either, but he would do a better job than Khrushchev.

At this writing it is hard to tell who is ahead in the cultural war of the roses. We do not know what the comrades have up their sleeves, but we do know the sleeves of those

Russian blouses are roomier than our sleeves, so let us remain on our guard. Possibly the Kremlin did not shoot the works with violinist Oistrakh. Maybe they have a crack fiddler in reserve who can play the Tchaikovsky *Concerto in D Major* in faster time than any yet made on that course. If they can hang up a record like that, and if they do as well in the mile run at the Melbourne Olympics as they did with satellite Zatopek at Helsinki, it will mean we will have to undergo an agonizing reappraisal of our strategy in the cold war.

The Kremlin has finally got around to endorsing jazz, which was taboo while Stalin was alive. *Sovietskaya Muzika*, an official Soviet music periodical, admits that there may be some merit in jazz, and goes as far as to okay the fox trot. By the time *Sovietskaya Muzika* gets around to endorsing jitterbugging, we will have progressed to some as yet undreamed-of form of jazz that will make boogie woogie sound as old-fashioned as Bach. So we do not have to worry about the comrades catching up with us on jazz. They can never hope to equal us in the kind of dancing best suited for lease-breaking parties. Now there's where Khrushchev would shine: at a lease-breaking party, instead of wasting his time on Hamlet.

Anyhow, we have a not-so-secret weapon we can unleash on them, in case of an emergency. I refer to Satchmo, otherwise known as Louis

Armstrong. Satchmo made a triumphant tour of Europe last summer. He had them following him around like the children after the Pied Piper. He did not have time to get to Moscow to titillate the moujiks but he wants to play for them and he probably will. He sees no reason why he shouldn't. "Music," he told an interviewer, "never bruised anybody." And that pithy comment says more in four words than many a 3,000-word diplomatic communiqué.

It will be interesting to see what happens when the Russian musicians try to superimpose the *Volga Boat Song* on the *St. Louis Blues*. I trust that our scientists (the ones who listen for the bomb explosions in the USSR) keep their ears peeled for the results. They will be easily detectable. The vibrations will rock the stratosphere, send clouds scurrying for cover, and throw the aurora borealis 20° out of plumb. Yet my prediction is that the comrades will, in the end, find it impossible to bring it off. They will eventually quit trying, and they will solve their problem by announcing that a Russian invented jazz, boogie woogie, bebop, swing, Satchmo, Benny Goodman and Dinah Shore.

If they do that we can play our trump card. We can claim we invented the sturgeon, that otherwise undistinguished fish which produces the delectable and highly capitalistic dish known as caviar.

Now, as to French politics . . . All right, all right, ALL RIGHT!!!

Jail on the Installment Plan

*The week-end sentence may keep the
offender from a life of crime
and protect his family*



ONE FRIDAY NIGHT recently, I watched a well-groomed young man in a business suit walk soberly through Sheriff David Menary's offices next to the county jail of Marin county, California. He carried a small canvas overnight bag. He stopped at the booking desk.

"Hello," he said. "Check me in?"

The jailer nodded, and reached out for the overnight bag. Inside the clanging metal door, he ran his hands over the young man expertly. "All right," he said. "You can change now."

A few minutes later, the business suit had been replaced by a set of plain blue jeans and denim shirt. On the back of the shirt, and on the pockets of the pants, the letter P for "Prisoner" was printed. Another door clanged shut. The jailer went back to his desk. He wrote, "Admitted—6:30 P.M. Charge—Week ends."

The first commuting prisoner had arrived. A dozen more would fol-

low him within the next three hours. They would be men from widely varied walks of life, all coming in voluntarily to give up their freedom until early Monday morning.

This system of week-end imprisonment, installment payment for crimes, is drawing the attention of penologists to Marin county. In this community of 110,000 located across the Golden Gate from San Francisco, a group of enlightened justices are proving that punishment can fit the man as well as the crime. There is tangible evidence that the system pays: in crime prevention, in avoidance of anguish to the innocent, and in cold cash savings to the taxpayers.

Take the case of a young office worker whom we will call Bill Smith. Arrested for passing bad checks, a felony charge, he compounded his crime by asserting blandly, "Checks should be considered as promissory notes, payable when you have the money for them."

*520 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., January, 1956. © 1956 by Kiwanis International, and reprinted with permission.

The judge, though shocked, took no hasty action. He asked the county probation officer to look into the case. The probation officer learned that the man had been an officer during the 2nd World War and that his service record was excellent, that his work record was reasonably good, and that he led a happy home life with his wife and three children.

"This man," the probation report concluded, "has little sense of personal responsibility and depends upon others to solve his problems. But if he goes to jail full time, he will lose his job, his family may go on relief, and he is likely to repeat his crime as soon as he gets out."

After this report, the felony charge was reduced to a misdemeanor. A 90-day sentence was imposed and suspended. The man was placed on probation, with provision that he make restitution and serve ten successive week ends in the county jail. He since has found a better-paying job and recovered confidence in himself. He promises to become a stable member of the community.

Another, and particularly shocking, case was that of the brilliant and highly educated young man haled into court for dope addiction and theft of narcotics. The judge found that he had a previous record. He also learned that the youth came from a broken family that had seldom paid any attention to their neurotic, rejected offspring.

The young man could not be for-

given his crime. The offense was much too serious. But, with the aid of the probation officer, his family was made conscious of his need for love and security, and essential psychiatric treatment was arranged for him. Instead of straight time, which the probation officer warned might "instill a permanent sense of inadequacy," he was placed on probation for two years and ordered to serve 15 week ends in jail. At last report, he had practically conquered his addiction and had returned to his job.

Not all offenders, of course, can be given what enforcement officers wryly term the "country-club treatment." But it is estimated that 10% of all persons sentenced to jail in Marin county wind up with part-time terms. And, according to Judge N. Charles Brusatori, a profound believer in tempered justice, "few of them ever show up in court again."

This unique system of combining punishment with rehabilitation is entirely local in its conception. Its origins reach back into the 1930's, when justices in Marin county usually knew personally each culprit brought before them. They used week-end confinement for men with roots in the community who could be depended upon to pay their penalties, and whose straight-time imprisonment would have meant hardship for their families.

"Society," said one justice, "has the right to deprive a man of his freedom, but not to wreak harm

upon the members of his family."

When the county's scattered courts were consolidated two years ago, Judge Brusatori was the first appointee to the municipal bench in San Rafael. He promptly seized upon the week-end sentence as a humane technique, and began to use it extensively. Since then, the other municipal court and the two superior courts that form the centralized judicial system have adopted the system.

In one of the superior courts, a year of week ends in jail was pronounced as a condition of probation for a man who took part in an armed robbery. A man up for drunken driving and manslaughter got the same penalty. Ordinarily, it would be light punishment for such serious crimes, but in these two cases, certain mitigating factors and a real hope for permanent rehabilitation moved the courts to give the men a chance to redeem themselves.

Marin county's probation officer, Walter H. Busher, calls the week-end-sentence system a form of "individualized justice." When he and his staff are called upon to investigate the background of a man being considered for such punishment, they examine particularly his obligations to his dependents, his job status and work record, his drinking habits, his personal health, and his marital adjustment.

Although, as one county official told me, "few persons outside the

courthouse walls know what we're accomplishing with week-end jail terms," those men who deal every day with lawbreakers are firmly sold on the system.

District Attorney William O. Weissich says, "Week-end sentences definitely work, not only in saving the taxpayer's money but also in deterring law-breaking in our community." His words were paraphrased by every other official I talked to, from the top level down to the jailers.

The only serious opposition on record came from a former sheriff who objected to the extra work entailed in handling the weekly parade of "in-and-outers." But the incumbent, Sheriff Menary, says, "It's no real bother to us, and I think it's a fine thing the courts are doing."

From the average citizen's point of view, the benefits are manifold. Among the more obvious are: 1. the saving in jail costs (straight-time sentences mean more days in jail); 2. the continued productive work of men who would otherwise be languishing in idleness behind bars; 3. maintenance of the buying power of the offender's family; 4. prevention of future crimes; 5. saving of relief costs for families of imprisoned men.

One of the most effective uses of installment-plan punishment has been in dealing with the nonsupport cases handled by a special branch of the district attorney's office.

In one of the more recent cases, a salesman was arrested for failing to support his wife and four children. For years, they had been on relief and had cost the county more than \$14,000. It was decided to try a part-time sentence. The salesman was aided in finding a job, and soon began to support his family.

Assuming a permanent correction of this man's behavior (a tough suspended sentence hung over him as warning), the saving to the community in relief costs alone amounted to many thousands of dollars. One official of the district attorney's office estimated that in a single year week-end sentences in nonsupport cases had saved the county \$150,000.

The prisoners themselves are quick to praise the system. One of them, in jail for theft, said, "Believe me, this taste of jail is enough to keep me from doing anything like that again. But a straight sentence would have lost me the small business I own, my reserve commission, and my self-respect."

The straight-time prisoners appear to harbor no resentment against the "country clubbers." One told me frankly, "I wouldn't take week ends if you paid me. I want to do my time and get it over with."

Most of the week-enders arrive in their working clothes, with their personal items in a small overnight case or a paper bag. Some drive, and leave their cars in the courthouse parking lot.

Inside the jail, the week-enders receive no special privileges. They must wear ordinary prison clothes.

If a man shows up for his week end with liquor on his breath, he may have an extra week end or two tacked onto his sentence. If he shows up actually drunk, probation may be revoked altogether and he may have to serve his full suspended sentence in straight time, with no week-end time deducted. If he doesn't show up at all, he is probably in for a stiffer penalty than the one he already has. But only twice has a week-end prisoner failed to report.

Occasionally, week-enders are excused for personal reasons like serious illness in the family, illness, or the Christmas holidays. The most dramatic example on record is that of the man who telephoned the judge and reported, "My house is floating away."

A quick check verified his story. Heavy rains had caused a serious flood in his community and his house was one of those inundated. He was permitted to stay with his family and rescue what he could from the ruins. His missed week end, however, had to be made up at the end of his term.

It is obvious that part-time sentences in themselves would be of little use. But combined with other conditions of probation and with expert and understanding guidance, they may rescue men on the brink of full-time crime.



Mitchell's

**They're certainly
no angels—even
if they do sing
like them!**

Globe Photos by

John R. Hamilton.

Boys will be boys, and the Mitchell Choirboys are no exception. That is the opinion of Robert Mitchell, founder and director of one of the most famous choirs in the world. "Although they sing like angels," he says, "the resemblance ends there." In addition to singing the services at St. Brendan's church in Los Angeles, Calif., the choir has become familiar to movie-going audiences through their appearance in record-breaking movies which include *Going My Way*.



Choirboys

Quiet and reserved in church, the boys make up for it after hours.





Under the watchful eye of teacher Vlada Dimitrievich, choirboys find they cannot dodge regular studies.



Tony Butala helps to make selections for concert. His voice is heard in the movie "5,000 Fingers of Dr. T."



Concert tours around the country can be hard going. Mitchell makes sure the boys drink a quart of milk each day.



Publicity Director Jerry Scherr takes his turn at fatherly duties. Here he probes for Earl Moses' loose tooth.

Founded in 1934 with a group of 30 boys, the choir was originally famous for its interpretation of sacred music. Today its concerts and public appearances run the gamut from popular music through folk ballads and operettas to hymns and serious works.

The average member spends about two and a half years with the choir, is graduated when his voice "changes." During that time the youngsters go to school four hours a day at the special Mitchell Choir-boys' school, where they are tutored in the regular public-school subjects. The rest of the time, they work on new songs, perfect old ones under Mitchell's direction.

One of the busiest musicians in radio and TV, Robert Mitchell is both a composer and conductor. However, an intense interest in religious music compels him to devote the major portion of his time to the choir activities.



Just to keep in trim, Jerry sees that Eddie Schneider's hair is in place.

Three singers have fun with Mitchell's puppies. Dogs attend every concert.



Removing a splinter from Eddie Schneider's toe is only one of many services Mitchell performs.





The Mitchell Choirboys' car is a familiar sight around the country. The boys are enthusiastic about long trips.



Each youngster has special satchel. Transparent case accommodates Mitchell's two chihuahuas.

A scholarship enabled Mitchell to enroll as a student at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y. Later he became a fellow of the American Guild of Organists.

Dr. Louis Terman of Stanford

Sometimes the dressing rooms are outdoors, but the boys don't mind.



university includes Mitchell in his list of "One Thousand Geniuses." Mitchell is a daily communicant, lives a good Catholic life, and encourages his boys to be good, but not "goodie-goodie."

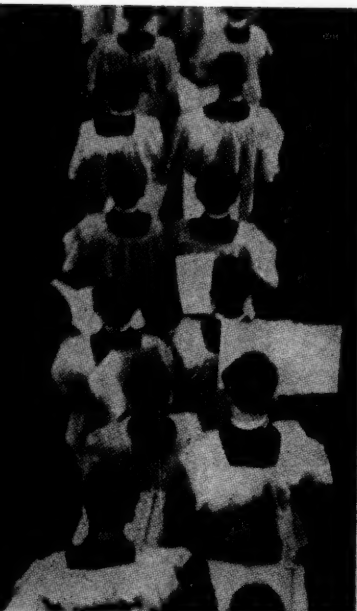
Graduates of the choir number more than 1,000 and are in every occupation. Many not in music careers continue to follow it as a hobby. Many become stars. Jerry Gray's vocalist, Tommy Traynor, was a Mitchell choirboy, as was the Modernaires' member Al Copeland.

Mitchell hasn't a chance when the boys decide to "fight" him.



It's the end of another concert, and tired singers prepare to go home. Mitchell explains to one of the boys where he made a mistake.

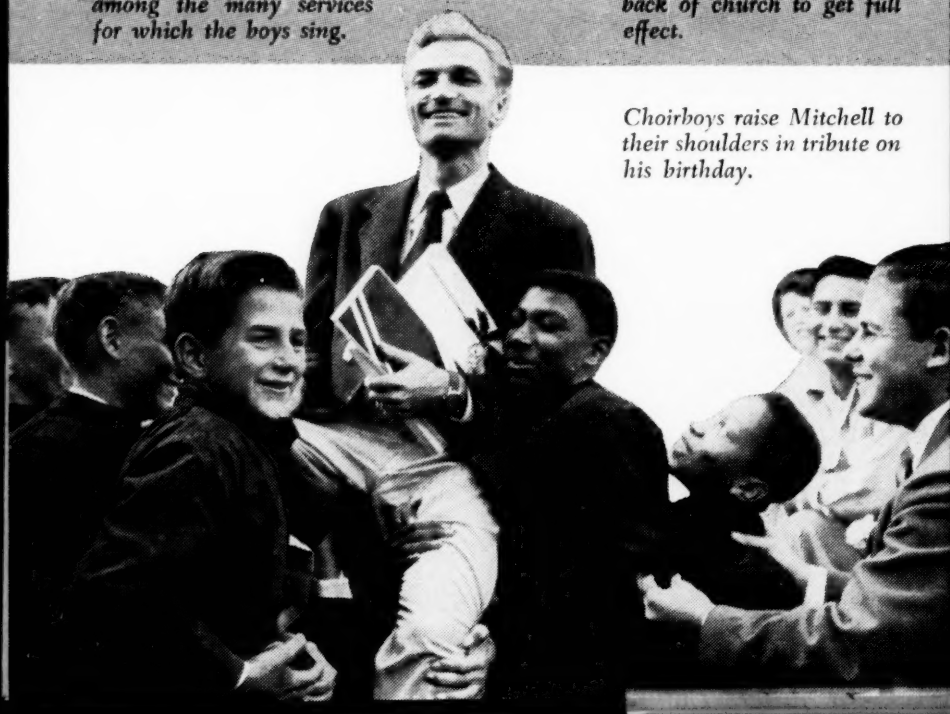




Weddings and funerals are among the many services for which the boys sing.



Mitchell stations himself at back of church to get full effect.



Choirboys raise Mitchell to their shoulders in tribute on his birthday.

New Words for You

A COMPARATIVELY small number of Latin and Greek word roots have given us thousands upon thousands of English words. It is surprisingly easy to build and improve your vocabulary if you know certain important roots.

The root, or stem, is the heart of the word. If you recognize the root, you can frequently determine the meaning of an unfamiliar word.

One valuable root is the Latin verb *loqui*, which means to speak.



Locutor, the noun, means speaker. Twelve *loqui* words are listed below in Column A. Match them with their meanings in Column B.

Column A

1. colloquial
2. elocution
3. loquacious
4. soliloquy
5. colloquy
6. locutory
7. elocutionary
8. eloquent
9. allocution
10. prolocutor
11. circumlocution
12. obloquy

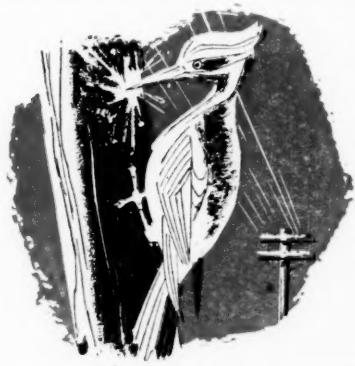
Column B

- a) Room set aside for conversation, as in a monastery.
- b) Informal words or idioms used in conversation.
- c) One who speaks for another; chairman of a group.
- d) A formal admonitory speech.
- e) Vividly expressive speech.
- f) Artificial and declamatory speech.
- g) Verbal abuse of a person or thing.
- h) A formal conversation, at times written.
- i) Act or instance of talking to oneself.
- j) Fond of talking.
- k) The art of public speaking.
- l) A roundabout way of saying something.

(Answers on page 114.)

The War Against the Redheads

Woodpeckers cost utility companies a fortune in poles



A PETITE REDHEAD is being held prisoner in a steel cage at Pennsylvania State university because her family has made the mistake of annoying America's multibillion-dollar utility industry.

Such giant companies as American Telephone & Telegraph, the Southern Co., and Western Union would pay a handsome sum to have the captive's whole henna-topped clan rubbed out, but Uncle Sam's law-enforcement agents protect them night and day. So four of the companies have hired a Penn State professor to find some way to curb the Redheaded league's activities without running afoul of the law.

The prisoner is named *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*, the redheaded woodpecker. Each year this busy bird and several varieties of cousins sink slender beaks into thousands of utility poles, and pound away like pneumatic drills. They cause many poles to sway dangerously and some to topple over.

Of course, pecking wood is instinctive with woodpeckers and in

no way reflects a specific hostility toward phone and power companies. But that is small consolation to utility executives. Gulf States Utilities Co. expects to spend a "young fortune" this year repairing woodpecker damage, according to Vice President Ralph Cargill. Frank Keim, operations chief of the New Jersey Power and Light Co., predicts a \$5,000 loss. Pennsylvania Power and Light Co. has written off nearly \$15,000 against woodpecker destruction for 1955.

Why don't the utility companies send out marksmen to blast the troublemakers from the sky? Well, there's a special act of Congress protecting these birds, because they gobble up termites, carpenter ants, Englemann's beetles, and other tree-eating bugs. U.S. game wardens stand ready to offer a fine of up to \$500 plus a six-month stretch in prison to anyone taking pot shots

*711 W. Monroe St., Chicago 90, Ill. Dec. 13, 1955. © 1955 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

at woodpeckers. What's more, most states have their own stiff penalties.

The national prowoodpecker sentiment has utility men racking their brains for ways to keep the birds off the poles without ruffling a feather on their heads. So far, the woodpeckers have outsmarted them.

Western Union sent men around to cement up the woodpeckers' holes as fast as they were bored. But the birds just ignored the plugged holes and went to work sinking new ones. Then Western Union nailed imitation tin snakes to its poles to frighten the woodpeckers. But the birds pecked on.

Pennsylvania Power and Light slapped red, green, yellow, and white paint on a few test poles, hoping that the mixture would so deeply offend the birds' artistic sensibilities that they would stay away. The garish display kept them off for only a few days.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. had great hopes for a psychological pitch. "We decided to fill up old woodpecker borings with a light coating of calking compound," says George Lumsden, timber-products engineer. "The idea was that when the birds jabbed at them again, their beaks would break through so suddenly and easily that it would shock them into nervous breakdowns." This ingenious plan was vetoed before it was given even a try. Someone pointed out that telephone linemen all over the country would be putting their

spikes into the calked-up cavities and turning cartwheels in mid-air.

The only way the companies have found to make poles woodpecker-proof is to wrap them with heavy-gauge steel webbing. This is a prohibitively expensive operation, except in remote areas where the extremely high cost of replacing a ruined pole makes it economically necessary.

That's why four power firms in the East have set up an annual grant at Penn State for research in the manners and customs of woodpeckers. The work is under the direction of Dr. Dick Jorgenson, a professor of forestry.

Dr. Jorgenson's first move was to sneak into the woods near the campus and kidnap a baby female woodpecker. The bird is kept in a refrigerator-sized cage near his office. Every day it is provided with several small logs, each full of succulent insects.

Woodpeckers get at such bugs by boring into tree trunks, and at first sight that would seem to be why they chew up utility poles. But almost all utility poles are fully creosoted and bug free. Why, then, do the birds peck them? The mystery has young Dr. Jorgenson baffled.

"The holes they drill aren't the right shape for nests," he says, "and they don't resemble the holes bored in search of food." There's an outside chance that the poles may be involved in the woodpecker's mating habits. It is known that certain

male birds will tap anything handy during mating season to attract the females.

Dr. Jorgenson is hopeful that a chemical compound can be found with such a dreadful smell that the birds won't go near it, or with a taste so bad that they'll recoil from

poles impregnated with the stuff.

Meanwhile, the irritation remains with the utility executives. They are painfully aware of the fact that the approach of spring means that every pole they own is being expertly appraised by a redheaded drum corps with freshly whetted beaks.



Answers to 'New Words for You' (Page 111)

1. Colloquial (ko-lo'kwi-al) b) Informal words or idioms used in conversation.

Please avoid *colloquial* usage in this class.

2. Elocution (el-o-ku'shon) k) The art of public speaking.
Next year I want to study *elocution*.

3. Loquacious (lo-kwa'shus) j) Fond of talking.
Mrs. Smith expressed her satisfaction in *loquacious* terms.

4. Soliloquy (so-lil'o-kwi) i) Act or instance of talking to oneself.
Every actor knows Hamlet's *soliloquy*, "To be or not to be . . ."

5. Colloquy (kol'o-kwi) h) A formal conversation, at times written.
The council decided to publish our *colloquy*.

6. Locutory (lok'u-to-ri) a) Room set aside for conversation, as in a monastery.

You may speak with Dom Verkade in the *locutory*.

7. Elocutionary (el-o-ku'shon-ary) f) Artificial and declamatory speech.
His *elocutionary* manner is most annoying.

8. Eloquent (el'o-kwent) e) Vividly expressive speech.
John's *eloquent* delivery won the debate.

9. Allocution (al-o-ku'shon) d) A formal admonitory speech.
Our discussion was prompted by the Holy Father's *allocution*.

10. Prolocutor (pro-lok'u-tor) c) One who speaks for another; chairman of a group.

Professor Brain was our *prolocutor*.

11. Circumlocution (ser-kum-lo-ku'shon) l) A roundabout way of speaking.
Rewrite the first paragraph to remove this *circumlocution*.

12. Obloquy (ob'lo-kwi) g) Verbal abuse of a person or thing.
He exposed himself to a storm of *obloquy*.

(All correct: excellent; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)

By Maurice Fischer
Condensed from "Where Dweldest Thou?"

His Full Heritage

When a Jew becomes a Catholic, he comes into a patrimony

Maurice (Ritz) Fischer is a Chicago journalist and radio writer. Since 1945 he has been assistant city editor of the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Fischer was born into an orthodox Jewish family, but became a Catholic nine years ago. Only recently has he become convinced that the story of his conversion would be of interest to others.

As I look back, it seems to me that all along the way there were signs directing me to the Catholic Church. I had no map. I did not know where I was headed. But wherever there might have been a turn-off, God provided a guide.

My memory finds its way most easily to incidents marked by association with Catholic men and women. Thus, I have always relished the memory of warm relationships my parents had with Catholic neighbors in the various places where we lived in Chicago during my childhood.

My mother and father adhered to Jewish orthodoxy. My father was an elder in his synagogue. But I

can still visualize the cheerful Mrs. Ferguson, a Catholic neighbor who was a constant *Kaffeeklatch* companion of my mother. I remember clearly the considerateness of three Catholic women who operated a millinery store next to my father's tailor shop, and for whom, when I was about ten, I was delivery boy.

I recall with a glow the graciousness of an elderly Irish lady to whose home I would occasionally bring a hat. And I remember my mother happily telling a couple of neighborhood kids that they could keep for themselves the crucifix she had won in a fund-raising raffle for the Catholic church.

Of course, my folks, as Jews, sometimes encountered antagonism. I often heard my father speak heatedly of some "anti-Semite." But bitterness never lingered in our house, and I was never imbued with it. I can recall without resentment the tauntings of playmates. In later years, I could regard with pity rather than anger those who insulted me. The offense toward me was nothing compared to the

*A symposium of conversion stories by noted authors, edited by John A. O'Brien. © 1956 by John A. O'Brien, and published with permission of the Gilbert Press, New York City 18. 188 pp. \$2.95.

offense against their own Christ, with whom I could claim a closer kinship of blood.

I received from my parents a reverence for God and a respect for all his children. This did not come about through any formal religious training that I can recall. Though as a child I was occasionally taken to the synagogue, what I learned of Jewish custom and culture was mostly what I absorbed in the environment of my home.

At elementary school and in high school my closest companions were not of Jewish faith. Nor, for that matter, were they Catholic. While attending high school, I got my first job in a newspaper office, working evenings as a copy boy for the *Chicago Herald*. My boss was Johnny Morrison, a rugged old Irishman. The kindly interest John took in me as one of his "boys" might be marked down as another spiritual signpost, though then I was utterly unaware of it, as I am sure Johnny was, too.

During those days, I did give some thought to religion. I think it would be difficult for anyone of Jewish origin not to do so. My awareness of God expressed itself occasionally in a vague gratitude that all my immediate family were alive.

Somewhere I came across the phrase "ethical culture." Seeking some kind of anchor, I seized upon this. I considered myself an "ethical culturist" and interpreted it to mean

"doing what I thought was right because I felt it was the right thing to do." I realize now that I was merely observing the natural law.

I carried this code with me when I entered the University of Illinois. One of the happiest phases of my university life was working as a reporter for the student newspaper, the *Daily Illini*. One assignment that impressed me indelibly was an interview with an affable young priest, Father John A. O'Brien. He was then chaplain of the Columbus foundation, later to become the Newman foundation. I can imagine that it was with some surprise, about 30 years later, that he was reminded of this interview by me after he'd written asking that I tell how I found my way into the Catholic Church. I am certain that at that time he had a little realization as I that he might be directing traffic.

On graduation, I joined the staff of the City News Bureau in Chicago. I also helped Jimmy Corcoran and my brother Leo, of the *Chicago American* sports staff, report for the Knights of Columbus basketball league. On many Sunday afternoons for several years, I found myself in the midst of thousands of Catholic men, women, and children. It was a completely pleasing experience.

In July, 1927, the *Chicago Daily News* hired me as a reporter in its financial news department. I felt isolated and lonely there.

Late one afternoon that summer

I dropped into a handy speakeasy to brood over a glass of beer. I was the only customer in the place when I walked Clem Lane, *Daily News* rewriter, later city editor. Clem asked, "Aren't you on the *News*? Seems I've seen you around the office." That meeting was the beginning of a long association. Over the years, I have been able to admire at close range Clem's tireless efforts in Catholic Action.

Another *Daily News* associate who unquestionably moved me in the direction of the Church was Dempster MacMurphy. Dempster had been a public-relations vice president of the vast Insull empire.

Dempster joined us as an expert on insurance. It was far from what he wanted, which was to write sports, but he needed a job. Probably because we were both single and somewhat miserable in our assignments, a happy companionship developed. It was Dempster, a convert from the Episcopal church, who brought the then relatively unknown St. Dismas to light and popularized the "hoodlum saint." One Christmas, Dempster organized the Society of St. Dismas for "wrong guys who want to do right."

When Dempster became promotion manager of the *Daily News* in 1933, he rescued me from my financial-news "island" to assist him in promotional work for the Chicago World's Fair.

From Dempster I learned that the Catholic faith was a joyous

faith. I learned that Christianity was not the gloom-and-doom handed out by tract peddlers or heard from street-corner shouters. I learned that his faith was impregnable against any adversity, even the daily threat of death.

MacMurphy well knew that an ailing heart might carry him off at any moment, but he remained a buoyantly happy man.

The most powerful influence in my conversion approached me on Dec. 2, 1941. I was aboard a United Airlines plane coming into Chicago. On the plane was a pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed stewardess, Elvera Lampe. An airline official joshingly bet her a dinner against a hat that she would be married within a year.

Asked to witness the bet, I put in, "Well, if I get married within the year, I'll buy the dinner."

Miss Lampe and I both lost our bets. I married her within the year. But it wasn't a simple matter.

Elvera was from a Catholic family in a largely Catholic farming community at West Point, Iowa. Her family naturally had some opposition to me. They feared that marriage to me might lead to a rift between her and her faith. I promised that I would do everything I could to prevent such a situation from developing—everything short of becoming a Catholic.

On Sept. 1, 1942, Elvera and I were married in the rectory of Holy Name cathedral in Chicago. There-

after, because I wanted to be with her, and because I felt I had an obligation to do so, I regularly accompanied Elvera to Mass.

I gradually came to appreciate the universal character of the Catholic Church and its unity. No matter where we were, whatever the city, town, or village, there was always a Catholic church on hand.

On visits to Elvera's family, I was much moved by the fervent faith of that little farming community, centered in its Assumption church. I met Father Joseph A. Wagner, the pastor. The esteem in which his parishioners held him had been a frequent topic of family conversation. I was a bit nervous as I waited, with Elvera, for him in the living room of the rectory. But I was at ease the moment he walked in. He asked how we'd been getting along. There was casual chatter about the crops, baseball, football. Again I was struck by the humanness of a Catholic priest.

When Elvera's mother was stricken with cancer, there was sadness in the family but not despair. For 35 years she had worked in the fields beside her husband toward a day when they could enjoy retirement. That day had come, but with it, cancer.

Nevertheless, there was no muttering. It was not a cold stoicism nor a futile resignation which permeated that home, but the vision of a happy life to come.

My mother loved Elvera as much

as her own two daughters. (My father had died about two years before we met.) Before we were married, many of my mother's friends had asked how she felt about my marrying a Catholic girl at the cathedral.

"Ritz is no longer a child," she told them. "I'm sure he has given it lots of thought, and if this is going to bring him happiness that is what I want for him."

My mother died in October, 1946. About a month earlier, there had been an announcement during Mass that an inquiry class was to be held at the cathedral. I suggested to Elvera that we attend.

The classes were conducted by Fathers John Marren and Joseph Brett. Not all of what was presented was easy to understand or to accept. I was awed by the vastness and depth of Catholic doctrine. But in many ways I found myself well prepared. I had come to the Catholic Church with many ancient traditions which the Church firmly embraced. I found that I was not destroying, but building.

Toward the end of the series, I told Father Marren I wished to be received into the Church. I had not been sure of my own intention when the classes began, and this was the first intimation my wife or anyone else had of my decision. On Dec. 19, 1946, I was baptized by Cardinal Stritch in Holy Name cathedral. My godfather was Clem Lane.

By Irving Wallace
Condensed from "The Fabulous Originals"*

The Real Sherlock Holmes

Dr. Bell's deductions in real life were more intriguing than those of his detective-story counterpart

A DOZEN MEN sat around a dinner table in Scotland discussing famous crimes and related matters. One guest, Dr. Joseph Bell, an eminent surgeon and medical instructor, had the others wide-eyed with his deductive acrobatics.

"A patient walked into the room where I was instructing medical students," he recalled. "I was talking about what was wrong with him.

"Of course, gentlemen," I said, 'he has been a soldier in a Highland regiment, and probably a bandsman.' I pointed out his swagger suggestive of the Highland piper; while his shortness told me that if he had been a soldier, it was probably as a bandsman. But the man insisted he had never been in the army.

"I told two clerks to remove the man to a side room and strip him. I found a little blue D branded on his chest. That was how they used to mark deserters. You can understand his evasion. He confessed that he had played in the band of a



Highland regiment during the Crimean war. It was really elementary."

One listener remarked, "Why, Dr. Bell might almost be Sherlock Holmes!"

Dr. Bell replied, "My dear sir, I *am* Sherlock Holmes."

He was not jesting. He was, indeed, the original Sherlock Holmes, the inspiration for the immortal de-

Irving Wallace spent seven years tracking down the originals of characters in books by such writers as Defoe, Stevenson, Poe, and Dickens. The book that he wrote, *The Fabulous Originals*, required, he says, "the combined talents of a biographer and detective." His portrait of the real-life original of the supreme detective, Sherlock Holmes, is among his best.

*© 1955 by Irving Wallace, and reprinted with permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York City 22. 317 pp. \$3.95.

tective of fiction. In fact, A. Conan Doyle, in a letter to Dr. Bell dated May 7, 1892, frankly admitted that he owed the creation of Holmes to his old instructor. And he dedicated an early Sherlock Holmes book to Dr. Bell with the words, "It was my own good fortune to have found the qualities of my hero in actual life."

As a matter of fact, few of the qualities of Doyle's hero, and little of his mode of life, were derived from Dr. Bell. The doctor used neither magnifying glass nor cocaine. Where Holmes was an eccentric bachelor in cramped lodgings at 221-B Baker St., Dr. Bell was entirely the family man with a son, two daughters, and two sprawling gabled houses. Holmes dwelt in a shadow world bounded by Professor Moriarity and Dr. Watson. Dr. Bell was a surgeon whose courage won compliments from Queen Victoria, whose crusade for nurses earned the friendship of Florence Nightingale, whose classroom wizardry influenced five decades of Edinburgh university undergraduates.

However, the thing the detective and the doctor did have in common overshadows all differences. Dr. Bell was perhaps the most brilliant master of observation the world has seen in the last 100 years.

Dr. Bell's occupation was that of consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. His avocation involved meeting total strangers and, by merely glancing at them,

deducing their nationalities, habits, trades, and backgrounds.

"When our family traveled in a train," his surviving daughter recently recalled, "he would promise the children a treat, and when we got off he would tell us where all the other passengers in the coach were from, where they were going, and something of their occupations and habits. All this without having spoken to them. When he verified his observations, we thought him a magician."

At the Royal infirmary, in a packed amphitheater beneath flickering gaslight, Dr. Bell daily tried to prove to his pupils that observation was not magic but a science.

He would pick up a tumbler filled with an amber liquid. "This, gentlemen, contains a very potent drug," he would warn. "It is intensely bitter. Now, I want to see how many of you have educated your powers of perception. I want you to test it by smell and taste rather than by chemical analysis. Since I don't ask my students to do anything I would be unwilling to do myself, I shall taste it before passing it around."

He would dip a finger into the liquid, suck his finger, and grimace. Each student would dip a finger into the vile concoction, suck it, and make a sour face. When the tumbler had gone around, Dr. Bell would say, "Gentlemen, I am deeply grieved. Not one of you has developed the power of perception. If

you had watched closely, you would have noticed that, while I placed my forefinger in the medicine, it was my middle finger which found its way into my mouth!"

One day he glanced at an ailing citizen in the outpatient department, and remarked, "A cobbler, I see." He explained to his students, "The inside edges of the knees of the man's trousers were worn—a peculiarity found only in cobblers, who rest the lapstone there." On another occasion, Dr. Bell studied his visitor a moment, then announced, "I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork cutter or a slater. I observe a slight hardening on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb: sure signs that he is one or the other." The man said he was a cork cutter.

The late Dr. J. Gordon Wilson witnessed many such exhibitions. One feat in particular made a lasting impression on him. Awaiting Dr. Bell's advice was an old woman who carried over her arm an old black bag. Bell gave her a quick glance, and said, "Where is your cutty pipe?" A cutty pipe is a short-stemmed clay pipe. Instinctively she grasped her bag.

"Don't mind the students," said Bell to the embarrassed woman. "Show me the pipe." She put her hand into the bag and brought out a small, much-used clay pipe.

"Now," said Bell, turning to his students, "how did I know she had

a cutty pipe?" No answer. "Did you notice the ulcer on her lower lip and the glossy scar on her left cheek? They are the marks of a short-stemmed clay pipe held close to the cheek. Did you never watch a peasant woman smoking her clay pipe by her fireside?"

One afternoon, an Irish lad, terribly agitated by a letter he had received from his sweetheart, came to see the doctor. He said that his girl's previous letters had been affectionate. Now, suddenly, she was telling him that they were not for each other, and that he must never see her again. The boy was too shattered to carry on with his studies.

Dr. Bell examined the letter carefully. "There's nothing to worry about," he said cheerfully. "She still loves you."

His knowledge of graphology had enabled him to deduce, from the wavering handwriting, that the letter had not been spontaneous. It was also clear—from the construction of the sentences, from the general tone of the note—that it had been penned under pressure.

"The writing may be your sweetheart's," said Dr. Bell, "but the message is not. It was dictated by her mother. I suggest that you keep in touch with the girl." The boy did, and was overjoyed to learn that the letter had indeed been dictated by a disapproving mother.

Of all the medical students, it was Conan Doyle who was the most deeply impressed by his incredible

mentor. One day when he was working as Dr. Bell's student assistant, a patient entered and sat down.

"Did you like your walk over the golf links today, as you came in from the south side of town?" inquired Dr. Bell.

"Why, yes, did your honor see me?"

Dr. Bell had not seen him. He explained later to Conan Doyle, "On a showery day the reddish clay at bare parts of the links adheres to the boot. There is no such clay anywhere else."

Years later, Conan Doyle had Sherlock Holmes say to a visitor, "You have come up from the Southwest, I see." The visitor replied, "Yes, from Horsham." And Holmes said, "That clay and chalk mixture which I see upon your toe caps is quite distinctive."

When he was graduated from Edinburgh university in 1881, Conan Doyle intended to be a doctor. He nailed up his shingle in a suburb of Portsmouth, and waited for patients. Six years later, he was still waiting. Desperate for income, he turned to writing.

"I thought of my old teacher Joe Bell, of his eagle face, of his eerie trick of spotting details," Doyle recollected. "If he were a detective, he would surely reduce this fascinating but unorganized business to something nearer an exact science. It was surely possible in real life, so why should I not make it plausible in fiction? It is all very well to say

that a man is clever, but the reader wants to see examples of it—such examples as Bell gave us every day in the wards. What should I call the fellow?"

He got the name Sherlock from a famous English cricketer, and Holmes from Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Bell had been 44 when Doyle saw him last. "He was thin, wiry, dark, with a high-nosed, acute face, penetrating gray eyes, angular shoulders, and a jerky way of walking. His voice was high and discordant." With this as a model, Sherlock became the familiar tall, hawk-faced, intense, and inscrutable human bloodhound. His first appearance, in *A Study in Scarlet* in 1887, was inauspicious. But two years later, an American editor ordered more Sherlock Holmes stories, and the *Strand* magazine published the memorable *A Scandal in Bohemia*. The detective was on his way to immortality.

Holmes' deductive tricks thrilled readers on both sides of the Atlantic. In *The Adventure of the Norwood Builder*, when a frantic young man burst into the Baker St. room and announced himself as "the unfortunate John Hector McFarlane," Holmes lazily replied, "You mention your name as if I should recognize it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

This fictional witchcraft, made so plausible by Doyle's deft pen, became an international fad. But very often an Edinburgh grad would recognize the source of Holmes. In 1893, Robert Louis Stevenson, after meeting Sherlock Holmes in print for the first time, asked Conan Doyle in a letter from Samoa, "Only one thing troubles me. Can this be my old friend Joe Bell?"

Conan Doyle was quick to tell Stevenson, the press, and the world that the pattern for Sherlock Holmes was indeed Dr. Bell. And he could not resist dashing off a teasing letter to his onetime teacher. He warned Dr. Bell cheerfully that he would probably be deluged by lunatic letters from persons who would request his assistance in rescuing maiden aunts from certain starvation in sealed attics.

At first, Dr. Bell labeled pestering reporters "fiends," and pretended annoyance. But he was secretly pleased at being regarded as the original of Sherlock Holmes and at the publicity given his methods.

As a physician, Dr. Bell's courage was amazing. On one occasion, an ailing child suffering diphtheria was operated on. After the operation, poison accumulated, and since there were no instruments for suction, the child was given little chance to live. Without a moment's hesitation, Dr. Bell placed his lips to the child's lips, sucked the poison from its throat, and saved its life. As a result, he himself caught diph-

theria and permanently impaired his voice. When elderly Queen Victoria heard the story during a visit to Edinburgh, she personally congratulated him.

Dr. Bell's wedded life was idyllic but brief. He married when he was 28. His wife, Edith, died nine years later. On her tombstone, he had carved, "I thank my God for every remembrance of you."

He immersed himself in work, filled his house at Melville Crescent with friends, and grew into old age a crusty widower. He lost the Sherlock Holmes look. A student remembers him toward the end as "a brisk Scotsman, rather under middle height, of compact but not stout build."

He never lost his sense of humor. When visitors begged him to recount examples of his deductive prowess, he liked to tell about a visit he had made to a bedridden patient.

"Aren't you a bandsman?" Dr. Bell had asked.

"Aye," admitted the invalid. Dr. Bell turned cockily to the students who accompanied him. "You see, gentlemen, that I was right. It is quite simple. This man has had a paralysis of the cheek muscles, the result of too much blowing at wind instruments. We need only inquire to confirm. What instrument do you play, my man?"

The patient raised himself on his elbows. "The big drum, doctor!" he said proudly.

Played by Ear

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ALMOST 20 YEARS ago I met him in the Chicago Union station. We stopped to chat for a moment. It wasn't only our clerical collars that drew us toward each other but the frenetic twinkle in the eyes of two lecturers setting out on a tour. In a moment, we were chatting above the clanking and hissing of the engines, while we waited at the noisy gate, only sorry that we weren't going in the same direction. I found it hard to believe that the modest, friendly priest was the famous Father Daniel A. Lord who was remaking the Sodality movement all over the U.S., the editor of *Queen's Work*, and writer of a hundred best-selling pamphlets.

I never met him again, but I kept hearing about him, in magazines, from bus boys, hackies, hotel clerks, and most often in the enthusiastic conversation of high-school and college students. "Gee, you wouldn't believe it. He talks like us and treats us like himself. And when he sits at the piano and plays the songs we love, with wise cracks in between, he seems like the older brother you always wanted and never had."

What was the secret of Father Lord's astounding success and enduring charm? We might never

have known had Father Lord not written his autobiography, *Played by Ear*. With his usual modesty, Father Lord left the book behind him after his early death last year. He wrote it in the last three weeks of his life while he was dying of lung cancer.

It is the simple story of a great life told with artless humor and sincere pathos. We see Dan Lord in childhood growing up on the West Side in Chicago. He was no great shakes as a student. His childhood was yours or mine or that of any average person. The games, the joys we all knew, are depicted with quiet amusement that seemed to promise nothing exceptional for a future. But perhaps that's too broad a statement, for between the simple lines about a child's joys and sorrows we catch flashes of intuition and the overbrimming of a deeply loving heart.

Skillfully, Father Lord takes you through the litany of his loves. The first of these was the Society of Jesus. It formed his mind: teaching him to think straight and encouraging his creative talents. When he went to the novitiate of the Society in Florissant, Dan Lord's friends were not surprised. Under Jesuit

discipline, the spiritual quality of the boy burgeoned, his humble attitude toward life and people found new depth and expressiveness. Giving full credit to all the great teachers he had, Father Lord takes the reader step by step through the training that makes a Jesuit priest a splendid instrument of God.

Though Father Lord, with characteristic humility, considered himself unfit for the job, he was soon put in charge of the *Queen's Work* and the moribund Sodality movement. He changed old-hat into the new look, and he did it with robust humor, much playing by ear, and a thorough understanding of young people hungry for ideals in a decadent world.

Above all, he never lost his sense of the ridiculous. His encounters with the lay promoters of the *Queen's Work*, the magazine agents, are filled with high comedy.

"Along with the majority of honest agents there were some fantastic characters who served to give the system its bad name, no matter which magazine they sold.

"One fellow sold by the simple expedient of fainting on the doorstep when the lady of the house opened the door. When the housewife had revived him, he was inside, able to appeal to her charity, and sold her his magazine.

"Another left any neighborhood he visited in turmoil. He would ring a doorbell; and when he had

given his sales talk and had been refused, he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'That's what the lady next door led me to expect from you.' The housewife demanded to know what he meant. 'Well, your neighbor on the left, when she took a subscription, told me I would waste my time talking to you. She said you were too stingy to buy anything from anybody.' The woman promptly bought to prove she wasn't stingy, and he tried the same story on the woman next door, and so on down the block, leaving with an order book full of subscriptions, and a neighborhood on the verge of civil war."

Hardly less amusing is Father Lord's encounter with the movie colony during the production of *The King of Kings* and his attempt to work for a reform in film morals. This was before the Legion of Decency existed. It was Father Lord who drafted the first code for Will Hays, and it was the industry's failure to observe Father Lord's code that brought the legion into being.

If you like biography that has wit and point you will be delighted with Father Lord's. Lovable, simple, deep, enchanting in the telling, it has all the golden qualities that make reading a delight.

Played by Ear is published by the Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill., and distributed by Hanover House, New York City (416 pp. \$4). See Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 5.

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Mona Lisa's Mustache

Condensed from "This Week"*

Shopkeepers of San Sebastian, Spain, have long used a unique advertising medium, fraught with dangers unknown to newspapers and magazines.

The system at this Bay of Biscay resort is to hire a "sand painter" to engrave the sponsor's message on the beach. Recently the artist employed by the Mona Lisa Perfume shop produced a sand copy of da Vinci's famous work, with the shop's address underneath.

A few minutes later, along came a small boy—and Mona Lisa acquired a handlebar mustache. The addition had just been completed when the artist and a friend (probably the advertising agent) arrived on the scene. The culprit had to carry fresh sand for a repair job.

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Dec. 4, 1955. © 1955 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

PERFECT: But boy thinks something's lacking.



IDEA: He picks out one of the artist's sand sticks.



ADDITION: A detail Leonardo da Vinci neglected.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT: An artistic career nipped in the bud—but not before this seaside Mona Lisa got a mustache to rival Kaiser Wilhelm's.



No Personal Medical Exam Required*



*

**NO MEDICAL
EXAM REQUIRED**

You are not required to go to a doctor and take a medical examination, but you must be in good health at time your policy is issued.

Because the company does require that you be in good health, it reserves the right to verify the information you furnish on your Statement of Health when a claim is filed.

This should be no problem if you answer the questions completely. We DO care about your state of health, but do not require the medical examination as a matter of convenience to you.

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